

Councillors walk out on Principal question

by BARBARA HALSIG

Disagreement over the terms of student participation in selecting the successor to Principal Locke Robertson ended in a walkout at Wednesday's Students' Council meeting.

The walkout by Arts and Science representative Arlene Zuckernick, Barry Pinsky of Architecture, and Randy Sykes of Graduate Studies & Research, broke the quorum for the vote on a motion aimed at returning student representatives to the Principal Selection Committee.

The motion was introduced by Kevin O'Connell, Students' Society Finance Director. If passed, Council would have asked the Board of Governors to retain the two representatives who had previously been withdrawn by Council while accepting two additional student representatives on the 15-member Committee.

In a previous Council meeting Jan. 14, it had been decided to withdraw student representatives Michael Schleifer, PhD 3, and Alain Pichoux, a lecturer in the French Department, from the Selection Committee and demand that McGill students be allotted four, not two seats on the 15-members' Committee.

However at no time, according to O'Connell, was it decided that students should not be represented on the Committee at all.

The third student representative Linda Tas from Macdonald College had not been affected by Council's decision.

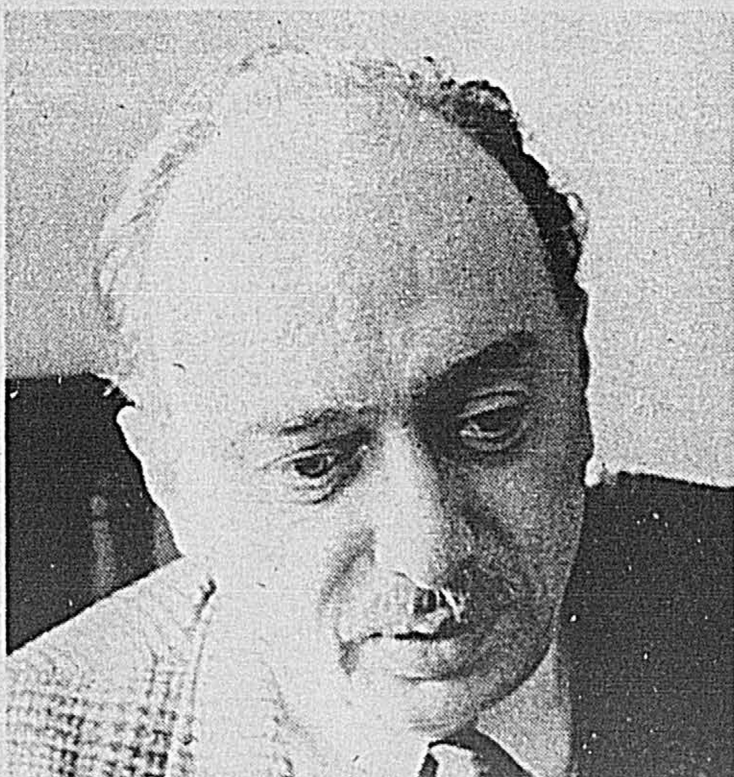
Students involved in Wednesday's walkout disagree with O'Connell's interpretation of the earlier motion. It is their conviction that it had been decided not to have any student representation at all on the committee.

"We had already compromised ourselves once, we could not do this again without hurting the integrity of Council", Pinsky said. The first "compromise" pertained to Chris Portner's controversial seat on the Board of Governors, which Council voted not to censure in the same meeting.

The Principal Committee motion came as a result of a visit the Students' Society Executive paid to the Committee that same afternoon. The Executive had agreed to the meeting only to discuss the composition of that body, which they charge is unfair to students.

(Continued on page 6)

Missing boy may be in Montreal



Daily photo by BILL EWING

IN SEARCH OF A SON: Milton Sobel, University of Minnesota statistics professor, has crossed the continent to find his runaway 19-year old son.

Harold Cardinal : Rejects offer of equality

by ROSS BAKER



Daily photo by BILL EWING

WHITE MAN'S education disrupts the Indian culture and identity, according to Harold Cardinal (above).

"When Canadian Government offers equality with the poor and wretched of society, they can keep it."

Harold Cardinal, author of "The Unjust Society," reflected Indian consensus on the Federal Government White Paper, as he spoke last night at the final session of the McGill Indian Teach-In before an audience of 400.

Rejecting the solutions of assimilation contained in the government's Indian Policy, Mr. Cardinal stressed the need for economic and political autonomy for the Indians. However, he also admitted that such plans would only be feasible if educational and business institutions were turned over to the Indians.

Although Mr. Cardinal admitted that Indian communities were not yet capable of administering their own politics and business, he urged that such controls be handed the Indians as soon as they become capable.

Mr. Cardinal labelled the disruptive influence of white schools on Indian culture and identity as the heart of the problem.

Emphasizing that schools must reinforce parental values and provide marketable skills, he noted that white schools do not and cannot do this.

Mr. Cardinal and members of the four-man panel criticized the national media for providing a distorted picture of Indian society. Irresponsible journalism, they suggested, was responsible for the image of the Indian as a perennial "bad man" and second-class citizen.

Government Indian policy also came under sharp attack from Fred Plain, president of the Ontario Union of Indians, who charged that Indian presence in the Federal Department of Indian Affairs was only token. Mr. Plain demanded that Indian people be allowed to make decisions affecting their own lives, and stressed that government must honor their treaty obligations.

As the situation stands now, Mr. Plain asserted, "Justice is a travesty in this country."

Crown's proof pricks

by MURRAY VINES

"Why don't you pricks go home and leave us alone!"

Constable Keith Jalbert hesitated before repeating these words yesterday at the trial of 10 students arrested after the Sir

George Williams University "computer centre incident" of last Feb. 11.

The 26-year-old constable, a Crown witness, testified that this was one of two comments directed towards police by student occupiers when the lawmen attempted to gain entry to the computer centre. The other comment involved a threat to break one computer every hour until the police left.

The witness stated that police were also greeted with a barrage of beer bottles and sticks, as well as water from a fire hose. He noted that he was transported to hospital when a bottle lacerated his right hand.

Also on the witness stand yesterday was Mr. Donald McPhee, Director of Food Services at SGWU. He described the activities of about 30 students who barricaded stairwells and escalators with cafeteria furniture in the early morning of Feb. 11.

Mr. McPhee testified that the damage to cafeteria furniture amounted to \$11,000.

All the defendants are free once more. Edmund Michael, the defendant arrested for approaching a Crown witness, was released yesterday since the particular witness involved had finished testifying.

Financial support for the defence of the accused is supplied by the Feb. 11 Defence Fund. Representatives of this organiz-

by LINDA WALL

An American mathematician came to McGill yesterday in a continuing search for his 19-year old son, who left home 18 months ago.

Milton Sobel has not heard anything from his son Marc since the young man disappeared in September, 1968. But the elder Sobel, professor of statistics at the University of Minnesota, disclosed during a visit to the Engineering Faculty as a guest lecturer here yesterday that he feels his son may have gone north to Montreal.

"I'm working on intuition to guess where he might be," said Professor Sobel. "But I think he might have chosen Montreal, or Toronto."

"Firstly, he's a big-city type of boy. And secondly, he was against the war effort in the United States," he explained.

When last heard of, Marc Sobel was in San Francisco. He apparently departed from the West Coast city, leaving no phon-

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued on page 2)

Change of Address

Changes in sessional addresses after registration that have not been recorded at Student Affairs Office, Dawson Hall, must be reported immediately, since verification forms will be sent out in two weeks.

Judicial Comm's legality questioned

The Students' Society Judicial Committee met yesterday to determine whether President Julius Grey should return \$300 to Students' Council, but was faced instead with a threat to its own existence.

But Zavie Levine, BCL 3, Grey's attorney, disregarded this defence at yesterday's hearing and chose instead to challenge the very existence of the Judicial Committee on the grounds that it was formed at the same disputed Council meeting that sanctioned the Students' Society President.

Grey suggested that the hearings be delayed until next week, by which time Council will have had time to officially confirm the Judicial Committee, but the whole matter was simply taken "under advisement."

It was agreed, however, that if the Committee is legitimate, then there must have been a quorum at the meeting that demanded the return of the \$300, and that therefore Grey's appeal will be denied.

And while the pettifoggers are talking, Grey's money is collecting interest.

Dr. Spock is coming!

Noted pediatrician Benjamin Spock will be featured this evening at a meeting taking place at Université de Montréal.

Dr. Spock, who achieved fame through his book on baby care, and more recently through his views on the Vietnam war, will deliver a lecture on the theme, "Dissent and Social Change."

The lecture will be one in a series currently being conducted on North American university campuses for the benefit of the Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, Inc.

Dr. Spock's political views first came to public attention with his anti-draft statements, and subsequently he was charged with conspiring to help men resist conscription.

An appeal last July resulted in the reversal of a prior court decision that found Dr. Spock guilty of the charge. The U.S. Government has not brought the case to the Supreme Court.

Crown's...

(Continued from page 1)

ation are at present visiting universities in the Maritimes in an attempt to raise \$20,000 for the Fund.

New Brunswick yesterday, and will visit the University of Prince Edward Island today.

They will visit four other universities next week.

Rosie Douglas, a student involved in the incident at SGWU, and Fund secretary Gordon Sadul spoke at the University of

The two men are speaking about the incidents leading to the confrontation at SGWU, and about Canada-Caribbean relations.

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Education Undergraduate Society Meeting:

FIND OUT ABOUT JOB OPPORTUNITIES

Speakers: - representatives of 5 Mil. & area school boards

- Mr. H. Morrison CUSO

- representative of YMCA - YWCA

- Dean Hall

FEB. 9th MON. 7:30 P.M.

Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium Rm. #14

today

RED & WHITE REVUE '70: NO. Tickets on sale. Union Box Office. 8:30 pm curtain time, Moyse Hall.

MEN'S JUDO: Bus to Ottawa. Provincial terminus. 4:45 pm.

PLUMBERS' BALL: Tonight is the night for you. Hotel Bonaventure Montreal Ballroom. 9:30 pm.

ISLAMICS: Friday Prayers, Union 307. 1:15-1:45.

FLYING CLUB: Ground School. SGWU Hall Bldg. 435. 8:15 pm.

WINTER FESTIVAL: Sly & the Family Stone. Tickets now available at Union Box Office.

DEPARTMENT OF SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE: Dr. D. Holden Queen's University.

Dept. of Sociology will give a lecture in English: "The Mexican Revolution." Leacock Bldg. Room 219. 5:30 pm.

OUTING CLUB: Sno-Ski-IOCA cross-country, downhill ski, bonanza. Shawbridge at the House. Starts Friday Eve.

FILM SOCIETY: "The Blue Angel" by Jos. von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich 1929. L 132, 6:30 and 9:30.

STUDENTS OF OBJECTIVISM: 1st meeting. Union B-23. 1 pm.

MALAYSIAN-SINGAPORE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: Chinese New Year Dinner. Peking Palace, 1450 Crescent. 7 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: 2nd Issue of "Quarterly" now available at Union Box Office.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Supper at 6. Dance at 8:30. 3484 Peel.

CUSO: Would-be volunteers please complete and return applications to Roger. Yellow Door. 12:30-2 pm.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: Film "Leave this not to Cain." OC 104 (downstairs). 1 pm.

MONTREAL AREA BLUEGRASS COMMITTEE: Concert: Bill Monroe and Mike O'Reilly and Savoy Family. St. James United Church, Dawson Hall. 8:30 pm.

PLAYERS' CLUB: Auditions for "Boys in the Band". B-26-27. 3-5 pm.

INTERMEDIATE VOLLEYBALL & BASKETBALL TEAMS (WOMEN): WITCA Tournament. Sir Arthur Currie Gym. 8:30 am until 8:30 pm.

PLUMBERS' POT: Staff meeting. New staff wanted. Also advertising salesmen. McConnell Building. Room 618. 1 pm.

PGSS: Ski Day cancelled. Refund at Grad Centre. 4 pm - 1 am.

GEOMETRY FILMS: 3 films made by the College Geometry Project - University of Minnesota. L 26. 1-2 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Meeting at 1 pm cancelled.

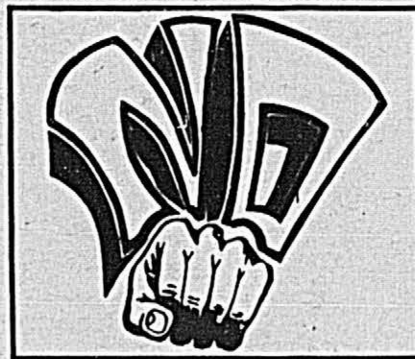
DEPARTMENTAL TUTORS AND ASUS TUTORS: Meeting with CLD staff. Leacock 109. 4 pm.

PHILOSOPHY COLLOQUIUM: Mario Bunge will discuss refutability. 2nd floor; 4 pm; 3479 Peel St.

THE MORATORIUM ON APATHY IS COMING

**Wednesday, Thursday -
February 11 & 12**

THE RED AND WHITE REVUE



February 5th - 14th - Moyse Hall, 8:30 P.M.
Tickets at the Union Box Office and at the door

These people

TOM PAXTON, Jesse Winchester, Penny Lang, Bruce Murdock, Tex Konig, Bert Mason and Judy Henderson

are coming Feb. 21

Where will you be Feb. 21?

SATURDAY

RED & WHITE REVUE '70: Tickets on sale. Moyse Hall. 8 pm. Curtain time 8:30 pm.

MOC: Sno-Ski main events. The House, Shawbridge. All day.

FILM SOCIETY: "Belle de Jour" by Bunuel. France, 1966. PSCA, 6, 8:15 and 10:30 pm.

MCGILL HILLEL: Folk Festival with Jesse Winchester, Bruce Murdoch, Sean Gagnier, others. Union Ballroom. 8:30 pm.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Male and female chorus at Union 307. 11 am. Full orchestra and cast in Ballroom. 2 pm.

PGSS: Ski day cancelled. Refund at Grad Centre. 4 pm - 1 am.

ISA: Trip to Quebec. Meeting in front of Union. Only people who paid 8:30 am.

CURLING CLUB: Mixed curling as usual. TMR C.C. 2-5 pm.

SUNDAY

OUTING CLUB: Sno-Ski. Shawbridge. The House. All day.

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UBC rejects anarchy

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Students at the University of British Columbia last Wednesday roundly defeated the concept of voluntary unionism, voting a two-to-one margin to retain their current, compulsory structure.

In the largest voting turn-out in the history of the UBC Alma Mater Society, 5,498 students in favor of compulsory unionism and 2,855 voted against out of a total student population of 22,400.

"The vote is a clear example of student concern over having a stable union," said AMS President Fraser Hodge. "Selling a voluntary union is like trying to sell an Edsel."

But students who originally forced the UPC referendum indicated they would continue their efforts to install a voluntary union on the campus.

"It's only the beginning as far as students voting for the referendum are concerned," said John Cherrington, the UBC student who forced the referendum January 26 by collecting 591 petitioners to demand the ballot.

Legal action against the compulsory membership in the AMS may be taken next year, he said, and added that "A referendum of this type will be taken every year from now on."

LUS wants faculty reps.

by GEORGE BEILER

About 150 law students met yesterday with John Durnford, Dean of Law, to discuss student demands for student representation in Faculty government and revised examination procedures.

The Law Undergraduate Society has demanded seven representatives on the Faculty, which contains 21 professors.

The Faculty has only offered four representatives, who would be forbidden to sit at discussions of promotions and hiring.

Student leaders have also asked that all examinations be printed in both English and French.

At present, examinations are set in the language in which

the course is taught, but students may write answers in either language.

At the meeting, Dean Durnford claimed that the student proposal was impractical, and the students who come to McGill should realize that they are entering a primarily English institution.

He added that the Faculty had tentatively decided to give some required courses in French, so that English students would be confronted with examinations in French.

Student demands for a pass-fail grading system were also discussed at the meeting.

Dean Durnford commented that the matter was under consideration, but claimed that it would be less fair than grades.

Students disputed this, charging that a pass-fail system was

necessary to eliminate the "competitive atmosphere" in the Faculty.

Other matters discussed included supplemental examinations, and student requests for abolition of the "number system" by which professors grade papers without knowing who wrote them.

Students' Society President Julius Grey, BCL2 expressed disagreement with LUS leaders on several points, including the pass-fail system and student representation on matters of hiring.

He claimed that student representation on hiring committees has caused more trouble than agreement in the Sociology Department, and that it creates "an unhealthy relationship between students and professors."

Talkers in earshot

by EVELYN SCHUSHEIM

A revolutionary new movement was launched Wednesday at McGill with the hope of changing our apathetic campus into a more communicative intellectual community.

The movement, called "Talkers", was initiated by a project group of English 338. Its purpose is to get people to talk to each other.

Gummed lapel stickers will be distributed free of charge to

anyone on campus. The group's name is written on the sticker and by wearing one, you are automatically a member of the movement. There are no dues or membership fees.

The idea of wearing the sticker is to talk to anyone else wearing one. If someone wearing the sticker approaches you and begins a conversation, you are obligated to talk back.

The organizers say that it will increase intellectual activity. People will be able to leave their shells. The stickers will be a good excuse to start a conversation with a perfect stranger.

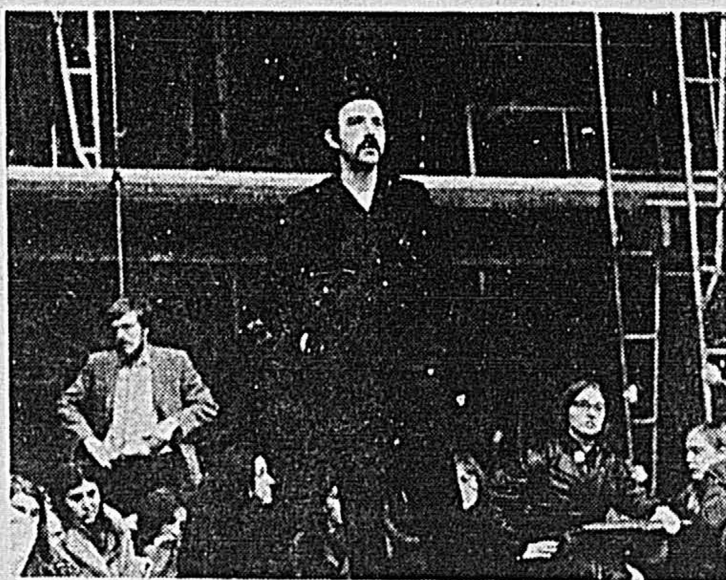
Join the great communications conspiracy, and become a talker.



Daily photo by RICK STEWART

FOOD FOR TET: Vietnamese students ponder plans for 1970 Tet celebration, to be held in the Union tomorrow at 8 pm. The feast is backed by the American Deserters' Committee, the McGill Moratorium Committee, and other prominent personalities, including Michel Chartrand.

TRQ disruption



Daily photo by HENRY KASZEL

ET TU, BRUTE: Drama professor Hugh Nelson leads TRQ assault on Red & White Revue.

Members of the Theatre Radicale Quebecois briefly disrupted the opening evening of McGill's Red and White Revue last night.

Half-way through the second act of the satirical revue, some 30 members of the activist theatre group marched up to the stage demanding that "this obscenity stop."

The disrupters claimed that the Revue, a Hair-like bag of skits on modern society and mores, was "funny only to middle-class students whose present social position as the ruling class allows this (the R & W) and you to remove yourselves from the problems of the majority of people in the world."

During the 10-minute protest, which was not opposed by mem-

bers of the cast, three statements were read. They received mixed cheering and heckling from the relatively small first-night audience.

One of the statements asserted that the cast was trying to expend the consciousness of the audience by utilizing racial slurs and obscenity.

Another of the statements attacked the Red & White for reflecting male chauvinism. The statement pointed out that original plans for the production had included a "topless" dance that had only been cut at the last minute. One member of the audience replied with a loud cry of "horrors".

A third statement, read by a (Continued on page 6)

Union starts quietly

The conference to organize a new national union of Canadian students got off to a quiet start here last night, with representatives from 15 universities and colleges in attendance.

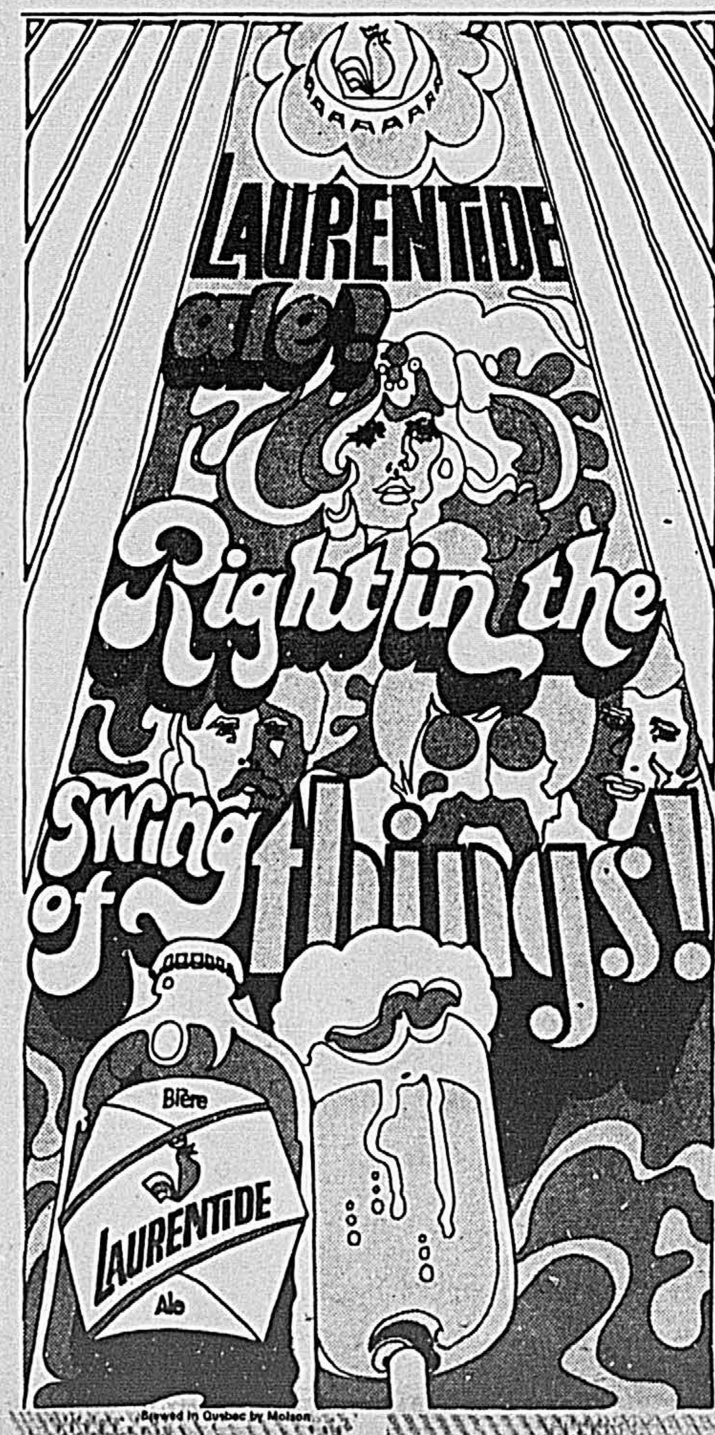
The conference, hosted by McGill, was called to discuss the possibility of a new nation-wide student organization to replace the Canadian Union of Students, which was dissolved last year.

Last night's meeting, under the chairmanship of Martin Shapiro, External Vice-President of the McGill Students' Society, agreed that the conference should begin by concentrating on the philosophy of having a national union, and the relevance of such a union to Canadian students.

The conference continues today and tomorrow, and concludes Sunday.

Student Conference

The conference to form a new national student union will continue all day today in Union 327. Anyone is welcome to attend.



The return of Hamlet's ghost

It is not often that happenings come off. It is not often that the vaunted present day theatrical ideal of audience participation can be pulled off without a sweet smell of phoniness wafting through the auditorium. Last night it happened during a disruption of the Red and White revue by a group of students largely involving the Théâtre Radical Québécois of *Hamlet* fame. You knew that what was happening; penetrating through the convolutions of reflected reality: was for once really real. Here was a group of people long familiar with the agony, work and sweat necessary to put on a production as elaborate as the Red and White Revue deciding to disrupt the performance and inform the audience that they are watching fascist shit. After they did their thing (their own words) and left the stage there was a moment of silence. The cast stood frozen on the spot and then whatever could be left of the show went on.

It is for another department to judge on the theatrical validity of The Red and White Revue but let us examine what exactly was being said during the five minute disruption. Several speeches were read. (yes, people, read!) about the Revolution with a long capital rolling r.

"This play is offensive to the Indians, offensive to the Blacks, offensive to French Canadians and so on."

"It hides behind parody but its source of humour is the very racism it is supposed to be condemning," said Hugh Nelson, professor of drama.

"These actors may not use the (sacred)

rhetoric of revolution without having experienced revolution themselves."

And finally the cruelest cut of them all — "Some of this material is the same as that which was used in a series of revue sketches at Mother Martins and fat people from Westmount laughed at it. . . Presumably, "laugh too, you stupid audience, if you dare."

What were these people really saying? "Here you are sitting and enjoying this racist garbage, here you are actually laughing at the jokes and enjoying the music and you don't have the critical judgement to separate good satire from bad. What you are watching is forbidden because it doesn't conform to our notions of what is beneficial to The People. Finally, sin of sins, you are watching something light and enjoyable while there are people in the world suffering.

The comparison between the New Left (or whatever these people represent) and the Puritans has been made before. Last night we saw it in action. These people up on the stage were making both political and aesthetic judgements for the audience.

They are doing so, not in the name of The Almighty but in the name of The People whom they represent and both we and the revue actors do not. They adopted this drastic action, not because they feared the play was very bad or very wicked, but out of a terror that it was good and that it was actually working on the audience.

I'm afraid I can't accept their credentials. They were pimply faced, bourgeois

college students, like the rest of us. They know no more about the People or Revolution than Richard Nixon and, what is the greatest sin, they are lousy actors.

At one point during their performance of *Hamlet*, a play supposed to be evoking audience response a few people in the audience actually started to get angry and began to participate. Off went the lights and on went the stage play. Behind their revolutionary rhetoric was someone tightly in control of the lights, tightly in control of the speakers and the stage, these are people with a mission — highly serious people who will freely cause local suffering and heartbreak in the name of a greater good. They are people who are afraid that we might think the wrong thoughts and enjoy the wrong things. For there is nothing more terrifying than The People — left alone with their own critical judgements.

Ronald Blumer

MCGILL DAILY

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LETTERS

It's peanuts for us

Sir,

Re: Penser's peanuts and the 'response' to it by 'Don Johnson', I would like to express my fullest agreement with the attitude taken by Jaffe and Krauthammer.

I would like also to point out that the Students' Society expects to earn a piddling net profit of two thousand dollars (\$2,000) from Cafeteria operations this year. Even a hot dog stand operator can earn three times this amount. An operation the size of ours

(Union) should be able to improve food quality, especially that of the meat, and still earn upwards of 20,000 dollars for the Students' Society.

I hope that Mr. Johnson, whoever he is, enjoyed the Caribbean sun, sand, and sea.

Name withheld by request

Axe the Tax for the sake of Pax

Sir,

At the time these words were being composed, the Moratorium chaps were going into secret caucus to work out more effective means of ending the Vietnam crime. Makes me wonder why they just didn't keep up what they were doing previously, since it

was having some effect, however small, on the ambitions of the military-industrial establishment.

But, it would seem to me, the public relations hacks who work for the Pentagon have sold the student movements on the idea that the thing to demonstrate against is ecological contamination and "overpopulation", not that little exercise in American economic imperialism in Vietnam. Well, I won't buy the Malthusian bit, but the ecocide argument is very convincing. The astute observer will operate on the premise that the Vietnam adventure is a combination of both ecocide and genocide and act accordingly.

Now, I don't pretend to know what the moratorium boys are up to as long as their deliberations are in camera, but I feel I must

suggest something a bit more constructive than the methods they have used up to now. When you want to be rid of a corn on your foot, you must get at its roots. The root of that corn on the American body politic that is called the Pentagon, lies in the taxation system, and the power of that privileged bureaucracy known as the "govamint" to print its own paper money. Strip them of such a privilege by refusing to pay the income tax and all other federal taxes while the war is in progress and you will have effectively cut off their purchasing power. This implies something really big in the way of effective protest. It means that the government paper currency will not be accepted by the public and only the individual entrepreneur can issue credit.

I don't expect the entire public to go for such an idea because it makes too much sense, and hoi polloi is generally quite stupid, else he'd have never landed in this hole in the first place by allowing a government to print money, which is legalized counterfeiting, and to do what they bloody well please with it, balancing the books by heaping ever-increasing tax burdens on all producers. They are social parasites, pure and simple.

What I would like to see is a mass refusal to pay taxes, and no backing down. If you've got to land in jail, it might as well be for a worthwhile reason, and dammit, there can't be that many jails in the country.

Ernest Boucher

LEAN AND HUNGRY

the trial - 7

by George Kopp

DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I RAN FOR MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA AND LOST? I WAS A DIGESTIVE OBSTRUCTIONIST AND MY RUNNING MATE WAS A PROGRESSIVE REPRESSIONIST..

YEAH, IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TICKET BUT YOU'RE ON THE WRONG PLATFORM YOU GO NOWHERE... IN NO TIME AT ALL.

I'M A SUGGESTIVE TROMBONIST, MYSELF.

THIS TRIAL IS GOING TO RADICALIZE THE COUNTRY! NIXON AND HIS FASCIST WAR-MONGERS ARE GOING TO SHOW

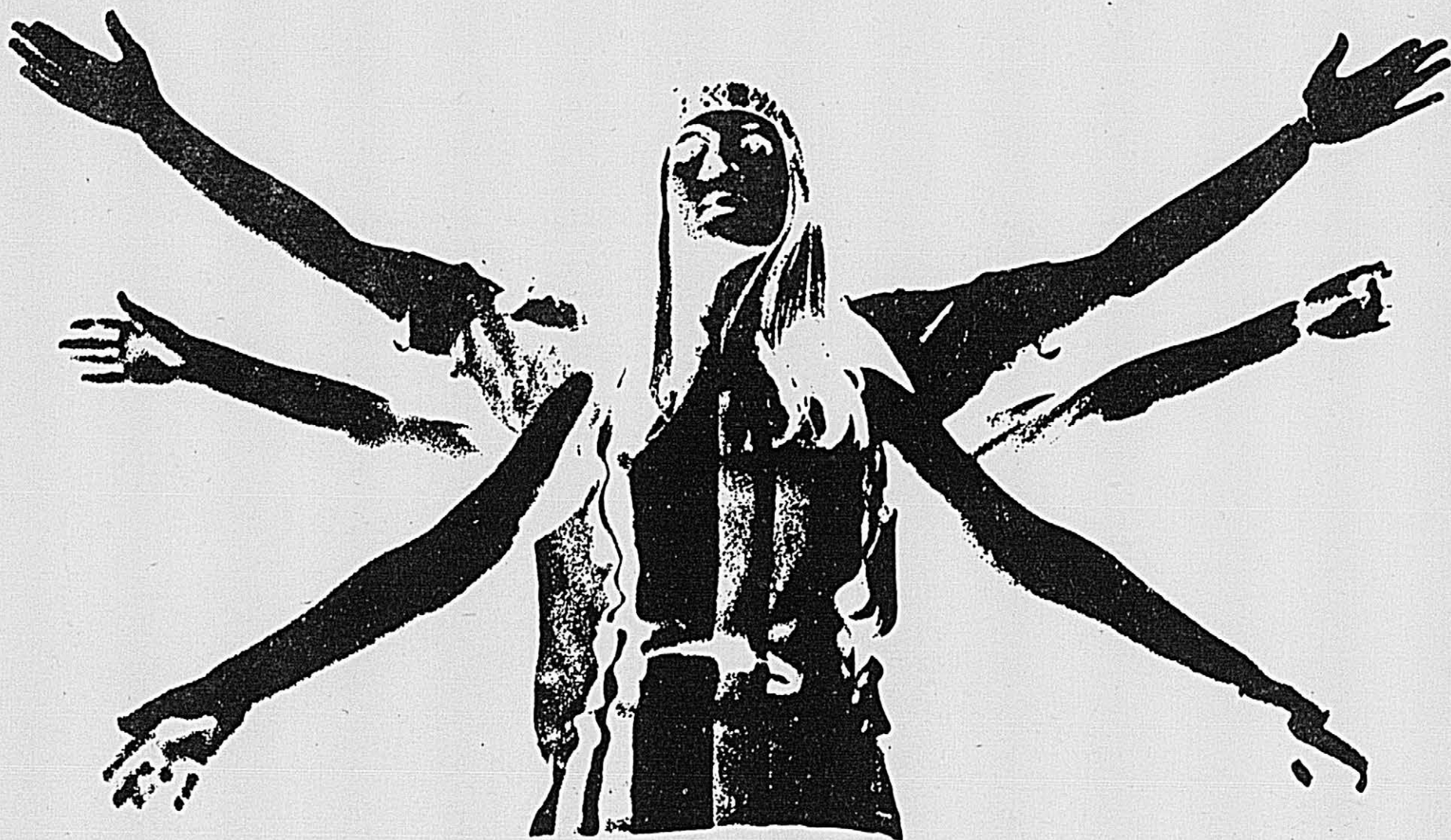
THEIR TRUE COLORS, AND THE PEOPLE WILL TAKE NOTICE!

HE'S ALWAYS SHOWN HIS TRUE COLORS-- HE'S A GENUINE FAKE, THE FACT IS, PEOPLE ARE USED TO GENUINE FAKES, PEOPLE BUY GENUINE FAKES EVERY DAY-- WITH GENUINE DOLLARS. (WHICH ARE ONLY WORTH 93¢.)

GEE, PHIL, I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT YOU. IF YOU DROP ACID EVERY DAY OF THE TRIAL YOU'LL GO CRAZY.

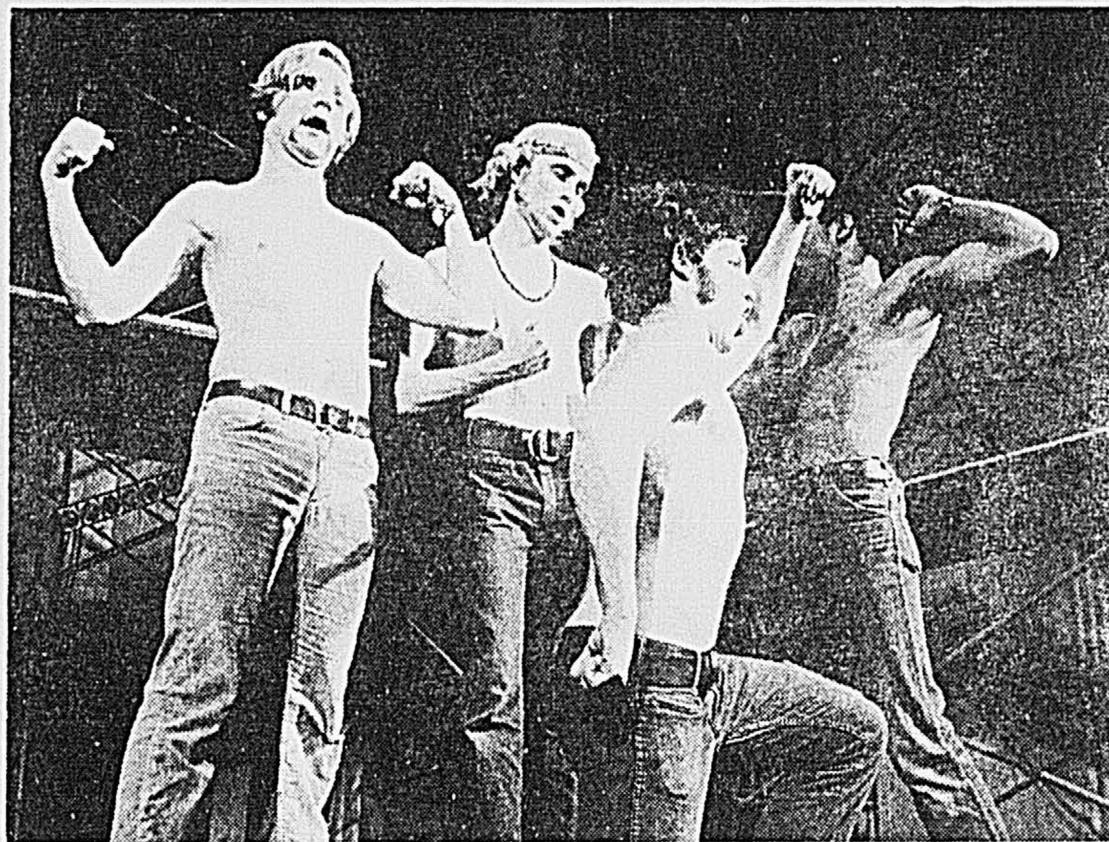
MMM, NOT SO. ONLY WITH ONE'S FEET PLANTED FIRMLY IN ILLUSION CAN ONE ACCEPT REALITY FOR WHAT IT REALLY ISN'T, AND REJECT APPEARANCES FOR WHAT THEY MOST ASSUREDLY ARE.





THE REVIEW
McGill Daily Supplement, Feb. 6, 1970

RED-NO-WHITE-NO-RED-NO-WHITE



by stephen witzman

"Well, it's Red and White time again. Fuck that. The Red and White is dead." (Daily—Nov. 27, 1969.)

"The Red and White Revue. NO. Hairier than HAIR. More NUDE than O CALCUTTA! Sicker than Lenny Bruce. A revolutionary rock musical." (Daily—Jan. 23, 1970).

Look! Up on the stage... Is it a play? Is it a revolution? Is it Superman? It's—NO. (Me—Feb. 4, 1970.)

The Red and White is aptly titled this year, because the answer to just about any question one can ask of it is "no". It's much easier to know what it doesn't say, what it doesn't do, what it doesn't succeed in, than what it does. Only a genius or Laszlo Barna, the writer-director of the show, (not to be confused with each other) could present a unified review of NO, because the show's overriding characteristic is its disunity and incoherence.

The show is like a gigantic mural, in which there are both scenes of wonderful brilliance and terrible grossness. Unlike the mural, though, we cannot dwell on the things we like and

ignore the rest. Unlike the mural, the myriad individual scenes do not merge into a whole, for there is no perspective from which to view the show as a totality. The effect is to be left only with powerful memories of both hilar-

ity and offensiveness.

And is this any different from most revues, where you walk away thinking of A's shtick that was funny, B's bit that bombed, and C's dirty joke that nobody laughed at, but can't make any comment about the whole thing except to say that it

was entertaining? Don't be misled. NO is entertaining. Its departure from past Red and Whites is that, instead of the usual "light entertainment", this show is very "heavy". Too heavy. Here Lasz-



lo the director joins Laszlo the writer to pummel the audience with a barrage of excess. The actors often join in, abandoning subtlety to deliver lines with the grace of a pig bladder.

But let me not say that I enjoyed the show and then proceed

to pick it apart. (At least, not right away.) There was much that was good in the show.

When discussing the "yesses", one must begin and end with the music. So, first, let's talk about the set. Philip Gibbs, a McGill architecture student who designed the set last year, returns to bolster NO with a fabulous monstrosity of scaffolding and planks which overpowers the audience physically and psychologically. For the first time in its history, Moyse Hall presents a thrust stage, and it is perfect for this show. Furthermore, the different levels of the stage create a variety and a sensation of impact and imminent action which is lacking in the script.

Very cleverly, the band appears on one of these levels, and its presence in the set helps to integrate the music into the show. Not that it needs any help. Leon Aronson understands what Laszlo wants to say, and his tremendous score transmits these feelings with electrifying energy. Leon also arranged the music and leads his well-trained ensemble on the organ, piano, and harpsichord (all electric). The music is the most important element of any production in the revue and musical comedy field, and Aronson's sound holds together.

The "undertures" near the beginning of each act are fully satisfying performances in themselves, and the rest of the show sometimes seems like fill-in for the band.

Credit must be given to Laszlo for his lyrics. Those that could be made out fit the music well, and, forced to be brief, Barna proved to be witty. Many of the lyrics were missed because of technical problems, the loudness of the band, and the fact that when a singer stepped out of the range of a microphone he couldn't be understood. However, I didn't find this distracting, and the microphones are a good idea.

Still speaking of music, Nancy Lazariuk leaves the deepest impression of the cast members. She sings with control, ease, and a lot of something which I won't call "soul" because she deserves better than that.

The choreography, by Tamar Heitler, also manages to transcend the chaos of the script and capture the moods which Laszlo was reaching for. The cast of five men and five women move smoothly as a group, and many of the visual metaphors, particularly a spasmodic beating which the actors make when they want to escape a situation, are strikingly effective.





The technicians, led again by able Jim Bouchard, had their opening night problems, but no matter. Their use of diagonally tiered footlights behind the set, in conjunction with a square of marquee lights around the band, was the most exciting visual effect I have seen in the theatre. John Peters handled lighting quite artfully.

Unfortunately, almost every plus carries its own minus. For instance, although the cast together often makes a beautiful physical impression, individually only one of the actors moves with style and ease. The rest either reveal how hard they're working or just don't get into it.

The one actor who did impress me with his own sort of vulgar grace and considerable stage presence was Michael Dworkind. His minus is an overdone comic delivery. This applies also to Tony Evans, whose timing leaves too many gaps, hoping for an im-

pact that simply is not going to result from those lines.

Even more self-indulgent is the ubiquitous Ian Osgoode, who dissipates his formidable talents by his weakness and exhibitionism. Osgoode dominates the stage most of the time that he is on it, but the audience often feels it is being masturbated by him.

Chris Nelson stays within the bounds of comic artistry, but often looks uncomfortable on stage and many of his bits don't get off the ground. If Chris looks uncomfortable, Richard Titus looks like he couldn't care less. Rather than thinking how cool this is, I couldn't care less either. Nevertheless, all of the male cast members have their moments, and Osgoode in particular is frequently hilarious.

Of the girls, none of them is a good comedienne, that rarest of all stage creatures. They all sing well, though, and they generally provide the verve that is essen-

tial in musical comedy. To them belongs the best number in the show, a perfect parody of a late fifties singing group, complete with "boo bob shibob shibob" intoned behind Pepsodent lead, Roberta Maurer.

In a cast infatuated with blatancy, Debbie Monk was a welcome exception. Though not as gifted as most of the others, she was the only actor to really portray anything. In both the blues dance and the Women's Liberation/karate dance, she conveyed emotions with honesty and naturalness through her movement.

We are left with the script, and if offered the chance, I certainly would leave it. The script is an accurate reflection of the mind and personality of its creator, Laszlo Barna (self-styled revolutionary), and all his faults are on display. Presented in the revue form of short, usually satirical skits, it has, of course, no plot development or continuity. These qualities must then be provided thematically, and Barna fails to do this. There is no continuity.

a black, token or otherwise. The exploitation becomes evident in beautiful irony in Titus' rendition of "As Time Goes By".

The crux of all the mistakes in NO is Barna's lack of self-control. If he had edited himself, if he had not tried to crap on everything, if he had not indulged his many puerile instincts, the show may have approached having the unity it so badly needs. The contrast between the professionalism and polished excellence of Aronson's band and Lazariuk's singing on the one hand, and the sloppiness of Barna's script on the other, eloquently displays the value of control in any theatrical endeavour.

Although I think Laszlo Barna does not understand the institutions he condemns, he keenly exposes their faults. Plenty of the satire is piercingly funny. Scenes that readily come to mind: a panhandling sequence featuring some very inventive Osgoodisms, a quickie with Tony Evans as an undercover agent without his cover, and the cast as wind-up dolls reciting the national an-



and without it, effect is greatly diminished.

Another serious flaw is that Barna never resolved what his aim in the show is. If it is to incite people to revolution, he fails dismally. His political ideology, if you can call it that, is incoherent, self-contradictory, and egregiously syncretic. If it is merely to entertain (and I don't see what is so mere in this), the interpolations of political polemic are tedious and distracting.

Then there is the familiar problem, in contemporary satire, of the credibility gap. While he condemns something, he simultaneously is exploiting it, and offensively at that. This criticism applies to phony French-Canadian accents, homosexuality, and other things, but especially to Laszlo's utilization of black Richard Titus; he's there because no "revolutionary rock musical" worth its title can go on without

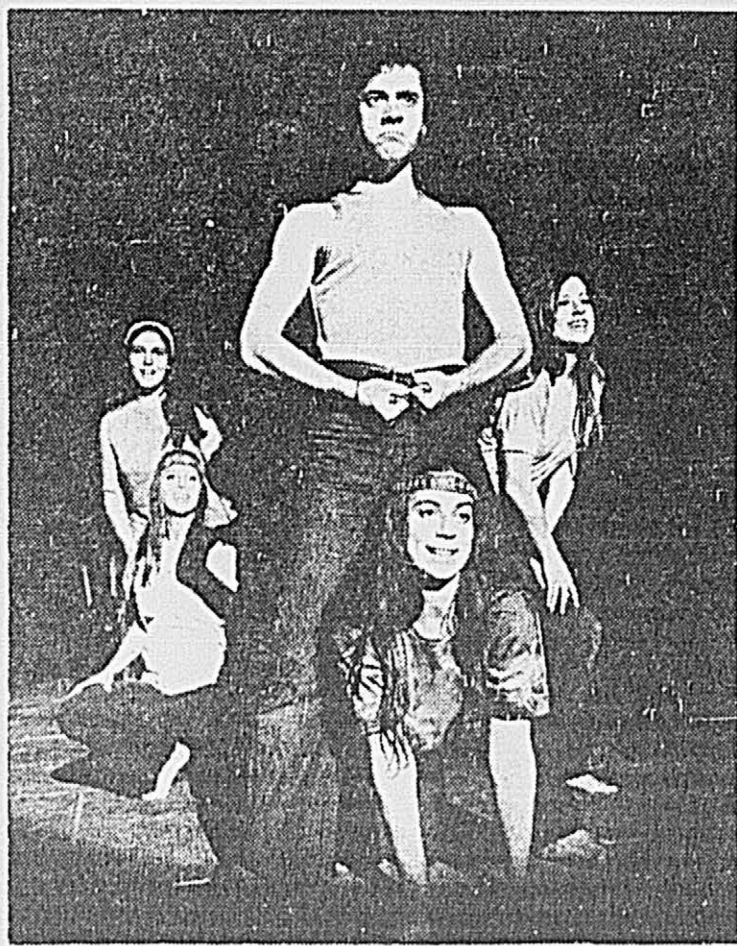
them. A song called "The American Way", with reminiscences of the marines on Iwo Jima, is very sharp, and Tamar has choreographed a fabulous build in a hitch-hiking sequence which begins the second act.

One of the most successful scenes summarizes as well as anything the impact of the show. It is a chant - "We cry at the death of - freedom. We arm for the birth - of - Pig Nation. Where did you put Hiro-shima? Where did you put my lie?" - which develops beautifully and actually elicited spontaneous involvement from last night's ("freaky") audience before it gently subsided. But the words, those bitter words, were lost in the symmetry of their own sound.

I was very apprehensive when I went to the Revue last night, given the tenor of the sensational advertising. But the Red and White is not dead. It is alive and well and hiding in NO.

— all photos by
Ila demha

RED-NO-WHITE-NO-RED-NO-WHITE



THE HUSTLER RETURNS



by steve whitzman
(continued from last week)

As you recall, I had just been unexpectedly shoved into the North American Inter-Collegiate Chess Tournament as an active player. Little did I realize, as I knelt by Camille Coudari's bed, vigorously working over his left hand, that the mantle of greatness had been thrust upon me.

Since I had had no tournament experience, I was not listed in the pre-tournament rankings. There-

fore, I was pitted in the first round against another unranked player. His position signified only that he had little tournament experience, but did not tell me how good a chess player he really was. So I decided not to take any chances.

I sauntered into the ballroom at 9:10 (if you showed up fifteen minutes late for a match you defaulted), relaxed, fresh from a leisurely shower and shave. I was wearing a liberal dosage of Royal Bermuda Lymé, my most pungent aftershave lotion. Its scent immediately jerked up the head of my opponent when I reached table No. 74.

He was fretfully polishing the board. His hair was mussed, his teeth unbrushed, and his handshake felt like a date bar that's been in your back pocket all day. With an inner chuckle, I started in on him. I was almost ashamed by how easy I knew it would be. "Hi, I'm Steve Whitzman from McGill." I flashed 34 teeth at him.

"Floyd Garfinkle. Rice." The words barely spluttered out. "Well, let's not waste any time." He couldn't wait. He had the chess pieces out before I could sit down. His eyes riveted to the board, he didn't notice that I had summoned a waitress. When he looked up, I was in the midst of ordering. "...au beurre noire, griddle cakes, with thyme honey, and for dessert Argentinian figs - you do have Argentinian?"

"I'll check the kitchen, Sir."

"Well, no matter; figs, and Turkish coffee." (A quick turn of my head.) "Have you had

breakfast, Floyd?" I didn't wait for a reply. "Oh, miss." She turned, flipped over another page, and braced herself.

"Yes, Sir?"

"A coffee for my friend."

Floyd lasted eleven moves - until midway through the figs, as a matter of fact. Then he broke. Upsetting the table, he scrambled to the door, dashed across Sherbrooke Street, tumbled into the Sonesta (injuring two bellboys), and collapsed in a heap at a table in the Rib Room. Lunch cost him twenty dollars, and I hear he left a five dollar tip. He took a plane to Rice that evening.

Back in the Berkeley, I gathered the fallen chess pieces, wiped Floyd's drool from the plastic collapsible board, and then spent the rest of the morning playing billiards.

The results of the morning matches had not been tabulated by the time I faced my next opponent that afternoon, and so he also was an unranked player. But he was not as frail as Floyd, and I was glad I had brought along some weaponry.

Thomas Horn's concentration was good, and his chess skills were not unsubstantial. But in the first ten minutes of our game, I noticed that his eyes had made three brief passes at the strudel. He seemed to like strudel legs especially. I grabbed my chance, and none too soon, for I was already badly trailing in the contest on the board.

Until now, Thomas had thought my inattention was due to poor

concentration and resignation to certain defeat. Now I showed him the real reason. I lifted my book from underneath the table, making sure it intruded upon his field of vision so that he caught the title: *The Secret Lives of Boyar Boris*. It was a special edition, bound in musk deer hide (from a particularly virile musk deer, I might add), and his nostrils flared when the fragrance reached them. The poor slob never had a chance.

He abandoned the game, in check, on the twentieth move. Not only did he lose the match, he was ejected from the tournament for attempted rape, and now faces administrative suspension from University of the South. Unfortunately, he also walked off with my only copy of *Secret Lives*.

By supper time, the word was beginning to spread of the rapid rise of the ruthless conqueror from McGill. That night, after I disposed of Yale's second best player (I played dumb for him, and he rashly plunged into a quick checkmate after seeing me pick my nose for the third time.), I was the number two topic of conversation, just behind Larry Nesbitt's brilliant variation on the Caro-Kann defence against Kerfovitch of Cambridge. Prime Minister Trudeau's date that evening was only a distant third.

Camille complained that my heart wasn't in it when I massaged his hand that night.

Space does not permit me to detail my activities on the second day of the tournament. In the morning match I defeated the fourteenth seed by means of

"tch-discriminated operant shaping conditioning" - before my foe made a move, I would "tch" ("tch" works better on chess players than "tsk") and he would change his move to a poorer one. This technique, unfortunately, has lasting serious psychological effects on a person, but I was getting too close to the top to adjust for scruples.

My afternoon opponent, ranked sixth, crumbled under a less insidious pressure. While facing him, I simultaneously played another game on a miniature set placed on my side of the table. It was a championship game drawn from a collection of Capablanca masterpieces, but he assumed, of course, that I was inventing it extemporaneously.

His fascination at the genius displayed in the alternate contestation completely distracted him from the original. In addition, eye strain wore him down. I am happy to report, though, that he had the deep smile of revelation on his face when they carried him out of the ballroom.

Pride goeth before a fall. When I entered the dining room that evening, a hush fell on the crowd. Then a low murmur spread, swelled to an awful rumbling, burst forth into a multitude of phosphoric hosannas mounting majestically to the vaulted ceiling: "Hail the King! Hail the King! Hail the King!" Each and every one of them removed his taped spectacles and bowed his head, and many shed a tear at being in the presence of the Master. Apotheosis!

That night, Camille Coudari massaged my hand.

WHEN I WAS A KID -



NOW I'M FORTY.



I USED TO DREAM OF WHAT I WANTED TO BE AS A GROWNUP.



AND I'M NOT A TEST PILOT.



A TEST PILOT -



IM NOT A COWBOY -



A COWBOY -



AND I'M NOT A GROWNUP.



A BALL PLAYER.



WHO EVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE THIS HARD?



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HERRINGS

of reddish hue

by the segal beast

O! God, says I in deference to fate
we know that providence hath ope'd her lips
and noble Portner on the throne hath placed
that he might show the way to those who cry
"Usurper, thou hast on my throne beset
E'en while I did vie and plot and try".

For oe'er in yonder steaming loft doth lie
In wait a man who carried as his shield
the arms that bear his family motto and
his colors. And beside him stands a fool
who being of fraternal ilk and breeding though
he tried to throw it off yes noble Young.

Indeed, 'tis Young and Pinsky who would move
to threaten Portner (nobler than them all)
with worthless dialogue about a token
While being in themselves of token hue
yes, followers of the mass ideals which
would threaten them if they weren't quick to grasp.

Indeed I hear the arguments which Young
and Pinsky plan to thrust on us quite soon
an effort to discredit the very man
who seeing the governors for what they are
would work within the system to revise it
rather than turn upon his very nature

For Young a man who used the selfsame system
to its very fullest now abandons
thought and reason throwing in his lot
with the virgin Pinsky a councillor new
whose thought ideal permeates the ether
like a new born wine which goes to vinegar

Yon Pinsky draws this very humble author
to memories which bring to mind a verse
which doth recall a similar energy
well spent and likewise wasted like the man
who after an exhausting run departs
to catch his bus (commuter on the run):
Pinsky, Pinsky burning bright
was heard to say the other night
I wish I may I wish I might
scare old Portner (give him fright).

Pinsky Pinsky council man
drinks his tea with spic 'n span
so only truth will leave his lips
thus sterile shit will hit the fan.

Rid our selves of Chris he says
For Portner but a token is,
No doubt were Pinsky in the post
He'd revel in it and he'd boast:

I'll never e'er a token be
a governor just isn't me
and Portner, man, he should know better
I think he needs a poison letter

O God! Says I again in deference
to providence which guideth pen o' mine
such wasted verbiage as will sure ensue
to lift yon noble Portner from his post
is but an effort spent like precious cash
on Penser's food which bowels knotteth up.

ROYAL WINNIPEG

by jack kapica

Once again, Montreal audiences have been cheated.

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company performed here last Monday and Tuesday, and that's all they did: just Monday and Tuesday. They are billed to appear in "all ten of Canada's provinces" and in forty (count 'em, forty) cities in that area south of the forty ninth parallel. Somehow, it's hard to get rid of that gnawing feeling that they could at least have stayed another couple of days. . . or is that too much to ask?

But in spite of their brief appearance here, the RWB has managed to remind this city of its quality, depth and flexibility. The spontaneity of the troupe makes it one of the most exciting ballet companies around today; unfortunately, spontaneity also lends itself to a sometimes ragged and awkward format. This was certainly the case with one of the pieces performed Monday night.

The three-act programme presented a classical-romantic-modern mixture. Choreographer Brian Macdonald's *Aimez-vous Bach?*, a highly-praised prize-winning work, introduced the audience to perhaps one of the finest displays of light, classical ballet. The dance is a series of vignettes, centering about a Maestro (Eugene Slavin) and a group of fledgling and impertinent dancers. The accompanying pieces by Bach began as simple exercises, and progressed to more complex orchestrations. Slavin, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Errol Flynn, puts the young dancers through their paces with a slick and professional hand. He directed the instruction of two young male dancers, and then completely went off the deep end when the whole troupe decided that they were tired of that out-of-date classical crap and proceeded to dance rock. The rock was genuine, and the synthesis of classical and rock was done not without real malice to either side. The comic overtones of the sequence were brilliantly executed, and were best reflected on the face of Alexandra Nadal, whose face and smile monopolized the action.

The performance of ballet set to the music of Bach can be a very difficult undertaking. The Royal Ballet of London, in their performance of the Brandenburg Concerto, tried to maintain the precision of the music, with the result showing up very severely each time one of the dancers was as much as a split second off in timing. Macdonald's choreography smoothed the Bach precision, and followed the mood and metre of the works rather than following the accents.

The second performance was entitled *Fall River Legend*, the story of the Lizzie Borden murders of Massachusetts in the 1880's. Great liberty was taken with the actual story, but the essential points were constructed into a production of incredible pathos and tragedy. Lizzie, danced by Christine Hennessy, had to run through emo-



tions ranging from tragic hopelessness to delirious joy. Miss Hennessy certainly looked the part; her face is one doomed to tragedy, yet it is combined with such superb control of motion that would suggest that perhaps the fluidity alone would carry her beyond catastrophe.

The set was unusually large in construction for ballet, but it was quite manoeuvrable, and the suddenness of its being changed by the dancers themselves left a strong impression.

In keeping with a strong trend in ballet to encompass more and more drastic style, the company produced a piece called *5 over 13*. The piece utilized a strange contraption which I suppose was to signify some type of mental restraint. Picture, if you will, a mushroom without a stem, but with two holes at opposite sides near the edges. These things are made of plastic, and are worn over the heads of the dancers, with their arms protruding through the holes, poking straight up. There are eighteen dancers in all; five of these manage to divest themselves of these contraptions, much to the relief of

the audience. Supposedly this action was supposed to represent the liberation of five people of their hangups, to the consternation of the remaining thirteen (hence the title).

Granted, the dancing, usual to the RWB, was excellent. However one cannot accept that easily the mushroom thingies that the dancers wore. Rather that being able to maintain the symbol of repression, the dance proved tedious in the sense that was a relief to see the dancers (the five) rid themselves of the encumbrances. The accent was on the remaining thirteen being abnormal, and the five being normal. Symbolically, it worked, though it was a bit heavy-handed.

The music for *5 over 13* was a spectacular blend of electronic taped music with orchestrations played live. This is perhaps one of the finest such superimpositions this reviewer has ever heard.

Should the Royal Winnipeg Ballet ever come to the decision that it would like to stay in Montreal for a few more performances in the near future, it would be a happy day for this town. Forty cities in the U.S. indeed!

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the Review

THE LITTLE PROPHET FROM ROLLA MO.

by brian segal, bruce grand & w.f. von grimm

THE THREE BANJO BREAKDOWNS

And I was in my cabin which I call my home, and it was cold, and I had no fire in my stove, for wood was dear.

And I was strumming on my banjo to limber my fingers, and I foresaw that the hootenany of the coming year would be a real knee slapper.

And the demon of ambition breathed upon my soul, and I said to myself:

Come, let us compose breakdowns for the hootenany of Rolla, Mo., and may my glory be in every man's mouth, and be known to all the world and to all Missouri.

And may they point a finger at me, calling me the Big Daddy of Breakdowns.

And may the beauty of my breakdowns be vaunted both by them that hears them and by them that plays them, and may everyone say:

Behold the beautiful breakdowns of the hootenany of Rolla, Mo.! Behold the breakdowns of Gabriel Joseph Abraham Lincoln Woodbird, cutter of trees! Behold the breakdowns! Behold them!

And I abandoned myself to all the chimeras of pride, and I was intoxicated by the fumes of vanity, and I put on my hat aslant.

And I took my banjo, and I composed on the spot three breakdowns one after the other, and the second was a blues.

And I played them on my banjo and they pleased me exceedingly; I played them again and they pleased me even more; and I said: Ah! how fine it is to be a composer!

And suddenly my home, which is only a cabin, was lighted up with a great light, even though there was but a two bit candle upon my table.

And I heard a voice which burst into laughter, and its laughter was louder than the sound of my banjo.

And I was annoyed to be thus mocked at, for by nature I dislike mockery.

And the voice which I did not behold said:

"Be quickly appeased, and renounce your projects of glory, for I have always confounded them, because they were contrary to mine.

"And another will compose the breakdowns for the hootenany of Rolla, Mo., because you will not have composed them.

"For I have chosen and appointed you among all your comrades to proclaim hard truths to a frivolous and presumptuous people which will mock at you (even though by nature you dislike mockery), because it is untractable and flighty, and which will not believe you, because you will speak the truth.

"And I have chosen you for this because I do what I please and because I am accountable to nobody.

And you will compose no breakdowns, for it is I who tell you so.

THE CONCERT

And a hand seized me by the hair of my head, and I felt myself borne through the air, and I was on the way from Thursday until Friday.

And I arrived in a city of which I had never heard tell until that day, and its name was Montreal, and I saw that it was very large and very dirty.

And it was evening, and it was the eighth hour of the day, and I found myself in a great hall to which people were thronging.

And my heart leapt with joy, for I love revival meetings.

And I said to myself for I love to talk to myself when I have the time: "Doubtless it is here that they preach and pray and sing inspirational songs. And I heard violins tuning up, and I said: Doubtless there will also be trumpets and we will make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

And while I was saying this to myself (for I love to talk to myself when I have the time), I found that the orchestra had begun to play, without my having noticed it, and they were playing something which they called a symphony.

And I saw a man who was waving a stick, and I believed that he was going to castigate the bad violins, for I heard several of them, among the others that were good.

And I saw a cellist enter, and the people cried: "Behold the soloist, behold her!" And I saw that I was at a concert.

And her cello rang out effectively, but alas, her accompanists, for she was indeed accompanied, were hard put to match her style; and her entries were sometimes drowned in a sea of muddy chords.

And I was quite content to see the concerto end, for so it was called, and I thought, now we will hear the preacher preach. But no one came for fifteen minutes, and I thought: What manner of meeting is this? When the violins began to play again with the first man at their head. And his conducting was exuberant and intense.

But in spite of his efforts the violins played worse than before.

And throughout the concert I could see that the students, for such some of them were, were struggling in water beyond their depth, without having had time to learn to swim properly.

And as I prepared to leave, the voice which was my guide began to laugh, and I could tell that it was mocking at me, even though

that annoyed me, for by nature I dislike mockery.

And it said to me: "You will not depart for the hootenany of Rolla, Mo., and you will not depart, for that is my design.

"And you will spend the night here writing down my wishes which I shall dictate to you, and you will proclaim them to the people which I once cherished and which has become odious to me by the number of times it has deserted me."

And the voice which had spoken to me became strong, vehement, and pathetic, and I wrote.

HERE BEGINS THE REVELATION

O walls which I have raised with my own hand to be a monument of my glory! O walls once inhabited by a people whom I called my own, because I had chosen them from the beginning to make of them the first people of the world and to carry their glory and their fame beyond the limits which I have set to the universe!

O world which callest thyself New, listen, for I am about to speak.

You were festering in the mire of ignorance and barbarism; you were groping in the darkness of superstition and frustration.

And I caused a great war in the old world which caused many great and intelligent musicians to come to your land to give you ideas on which to base the development of your own music. But instead of developing on your own with their help, you continue to ape their ways, without enthusiasm or understanding. Yet I chose Montreal for the statement of my prophesy as it is one city, typical among many, that can open itself to new ways.

THE PRECURSORS

And I undertook to show what could be done with your native songs. And I formed four men for this purpose in Britain, and I said to them: Make yourselves masters of the music they call American, though they themselves ignore it deeming it too lowly for their lofty minds.

And you will astonish them with the fire and force of the harmony which I have put in your head and with the abundance of the ideas with which I have supplied you.

And you will have prepared the ways which I have imagined to give a music to that people which is not worthy of my benefits, for you are my servants.

THE EMISSARY

And behold the last miracle which I have resolved to perform, and I shall perform one such as I have never before performed.

And I choose for my emissary my servant Danovich, and I drag him out of the mud and I give

him shoes, and I say: Lead your jazz workshop in the hall they call Redpath and you will force them to applaud you with delight, in spite of their resenting it.

And it will be the time of signs and miracles.

And the philosopher will leave his study and the geometer his calculations and the astronomer his telescope and the chemist his retort and the wit his assemblies and the painter his brush and the sculptor his chisel.

And they will all come to applaud you, and musicians will be enraptured with joy, and they will lift up their hands toward heaven in the intoxication of their souls. And they will say: This is very loud, but it's in tune and together and the students play with enthusiasm and understanding because it's meaningful and relevant and it's us, baby, it's us!

And they will kiss each other with joy, and stranger will clasp stranger in his arms, and they will congratulate each other on the pleasure they have received.

For I shall have opened their ears, and they will exclaim: Man, that's really together!

THE OVERRIPE

O people bewildered in the intoxication of your errors, O people slow to understand, hearken to my voice, as I speak to you for the last time, and perceive the constancy of my warnings.

Deliver me from that music based on an overripe European tradition that loses itself in the search for meaningless novelty, and I will create for you a music that will wed the technique and craft of your European mentors with the excitement and relevance of Popular Music.

And you will base your Faculty of Music on this premise and you will explore with your students this wedding of technique and soul and, without neglecting the masterpieces of your old tradition, you will create for yourselves a new music which is meaningful to you and your ideals and resources. And you will communicate your discoveries to your patrons and you will not be afraid of commercial success and earning money to develop your facilities instead of begging for it.

And even as your musicians have written notes down to this day, so they will write music which will be music, and I will put genius in their scores and taste in their accompaniments.

And your glory will be resplendent on every side, and I myself will spread it among all nations; you will be called the people above all others, and you will have no equal, and I shall not tire of looking upon you because it will be pleasing to me to see you.

And your genius and your wit and your taste and your graces and your charms and your amiab-

ility will make my heart leap for joy, for you shall be my people and there shall be no other like you.

THE LIBRARY

And if you do not take advantage of the moment while there is yet time, and of the miracle which I have wrought by the last of my emissaries, Danovich, my servant, the strangest of the miracles that I have ever wrought, and consecrate your school to good music and to banish from it frustration and snobism; behold what I say: I will be avenged upon your strange blindness, and your measure shall be full to overflowing.

And I will make your ear as hard as the horn of the buffalo of the forest, and in your calculations you shall be as fierce as the wild ass of the desert.

And I will prevent you from feeling the genius and the sublimity which I have put into popular music, and in spite of that you will be unable to hear your own, for it will bore you, as it has me for eighty years.

And your school, which you call Faculty of Music, will be deserted, abandoned, and lose public support.

And the music will be out of tune from morning till night. And you will be forced to close your concert hall, and its doors will not reopen until it has once more become what it was, namely, a library.

And the voice was silent.

THE SLAP

And I, Gabriel Joseph Abraham Lincoln Woodbird, cutter of trees in Rolla, Missouri, wept at the fate of that people, for I am tenderhearted by nature.

And I wished to intercede for it, because I am kindhearted and because I was tired of writing, for I had been writing for a long time.

And I was wrong, for the voice was angry, and I received a slap, and my head was knocked against a pillar of the Roddick Gates.

And I woke with a start, and I found myself in my cabin which I call my home, and I found my three breakdowns, of which the second is a blues.

And I took my banjo and I played them, and they pleased me as before, and I played them again, and they pleased me even more, and I said: Let us write the others quickly, for there have to be two dozen; and I wanted to intermingle the blues with polytonal improvisations for symphonic band.

And I wrote many notes, but no breakdowns at all, and in the bitterness of my heart I cried out: "Why did I not finish the two dozen before I went to McGill?!"

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PGSS COUNCIL BY-ELECTIONS

For the position of PGSS Council

Representatives from the departments
of History, Islamic Studies, and Psychology.

Nominations to be addressed to C.R.O.,
3650 McTAVISH STREET, BY MONDAY,
FEBRUARY 16, 1970, at 5 P.M.



BLANKET CONCERT

TOM PAXTON AND FRIENDS

Jessie Winchester, Bruce Murdoch, Penny Lang,
Tex Konig, Bert Mason, Judy Henderson

February 21, • 7.30 PM • Gymnasium
Tickets: Union, record stores, door

SOIRÉE THÉÂTRALE EJF LES ÉTUDIANTS JUIFS FRANCOPHONES

INTERDIT AU PUBLIC

Comédie de Jean Marsan

Dimanche 8 février
Lundi 9 février
8 h. 30

Saidye Bronfman Centre
5170 Chemin de la Côte
Ste-Catherine

Étudiants \$1.50 - Membres entrée gratuite

Billets en vente à l'Union et à Hillel

McGILL GUIDANCE SERVICE 522 PINE AVENUE

REGISTRATION NOW OPEN FOR EFFECTIVE READING COURSE

Course starts: Feb. 23rd
Mon., Wed., Fri.
5 weeks

Contact: Mrs. Lavin
392-5121

W.A.A. INTRAMURAL MEETS

SKI MEET: Wed. Feb. 11th - 7:00 p.m.
Mont Habitant

Entries to Athletics Office, R.V.C.
by Mon. Feb. 9th noon & requests for
transportation to Meet.

FENCING: Senior & Novice class Thurs. Feb. 12
6:30 p.m. Currie Gym

SWIM MARATHON: Distance Swim for points !!
Co-ed swim marathon
Currie Pool - boys & girls
R.V.C. Pool - girls only
10 lengths any style = 1 point
Mon. Feb. 9 to Fri. Feb. 13
regular pool hours

ARCHERY: Intramural Tournament
Mon. Feb. 16 to Fri. Feb. 20: 4:30-5:30 p.m.
2 practises required
6 arrows, 3 ends at 15, 20 & 25 yds.

GYMNASTICS: Intramural Meet
Wed. Feb. 18
5:30 - 7:30 East Gym, Currie
Floor, Unevens, Vault, Beam
Entries by Mon. Feb. 16

DISC-CONTENT

by richard may & frank zylberberg



LIGHTHOUSE SUITE FEELING
RCA LSP-5241, LIGHTHOUSE
RCA LSP-4172

Canada has had its problems in recent years nurturing rock groups capable of even producing one album. Lighthouse, a thirteen-man, Toronto-based ensemble, have definitely got what it takes to make it big. Led by Ship Prokop (drums and vocals), who did two albums as a Pauper and appeared with Bloomfield and Kooper on their Live Adventures album, Lighthouse have recorded two albums in Toronto.

The musical arrangements and keyboards are handled by Paul Hoffert, who previously was a musical arranger for the CBC. Other members of the group have extensive training in classical music and jazz.

Suite Feeling, the second of the two albums, is tighter and has a fuller sound, due no doubt to their additional experience playing together. It's not often that a group can successfully render two classic songs like Chest Fever (The Band) and A Day in the Life (Beatles) as Lighthouse have done on their Suite Feeling album.

"Places on Faces for Blue Carpet Traces" is an eleven-minute jazz composition in which the full potential of the group is realized. It is introduced by an impressive drum solo by Skip Prokop which blossoms into a delicate vibe solo and finishes with a stirring fuzz-tone guitar riff laid over brass.

Monday night's show at Place des Arts with Lighthouse and the Chambers Brothers promises to be one of the best shows to appear in Montreal this year.



LANCE LEGAULT (Bell TA 5002)

Poor Lance. You really got fucked up with your albums. Mind you, the record itself ain't bad: bits of attempted Mississippi blues, medicine show-carnival calliope music, and even some country à la Tommy Hunter Show. You're not Great White Wonder, Lance, but some of those songs you wrote were pretty good.

The cover of your albums, though, is where they really made an ass of you. First of all, everybody's had it up to here with those pictures of the home-grown

legend-to-be sitting on the dock in front of that old riverboat. Boy, Lance, you sure look cool; I'll bet an autographed copy of George Hamilton IV's "Abilene" that you didn't know there was a photographer there.

Second of all, those liner notes are really too much. "The Bible was right about the prophet in his own land. Some people have to leave the country to be recognized for what they are. Lance LeGault is a case in point..." Gee, Lance, I guess we're really lucky to have you back here with us."

"With his rugged looks, physique and vocal style... LeGault shouldn't remain unknown for long." Don't worry Lance, I'm sure you'll astound the music circles any day now. "In fact, Tom Jones and Lance LeGault have quite a bit in common. Both have unlikely but genuine names... and both had to cross the Atlantic... to reach the peak of their popularity." That really fills me with hope Lance, cause Frank Zylberberg is my unlikely but genuine name. Maybe, if I cross the Atlantic, I'll make it.



THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS
Love, Peace and Happiness (Columbia
KGP 20) III (A New Time - A New
Day (Columbia CS 9671) II) (The
Time Has Come (Columbia CS 9522)
I)

The Chambers Brothers - Side One: Gospel-barbershop quartet renditions, as in "People Get Ready" (I) "What the World Needs Now is Love" (I), "Guess Who" (II), "I Wish It Would Rain" (II), "To Love Somebody" (II) and the live Medley in III. Characteristics: unmutated melody; unmitigated, resounding harmony - warm, deep at one moment, abrupt, aloof the next.

The Chambers Brothers - Side Two: Five guys, no studio tricks, mixes string ensembles, et cetera. Tempo, faster and faster, never slowing down; voices and music, powerful with no range limit; electric sound, electric tenseness, electric excitement and stimulation; stimulation without fulfillment, ever growing. Voices rasping, roaring, commanding, drums fiercely pounding, guitars ablaze; every cliché in the book fits. Yet, above all, the Chambers Brothers are maddeningly alive. And in need of an audience. Take their Love, Peace and Happiness album, a 2-record set. One record is studio recorded, and parts of it drag, redundant at times, impotent at others. The second record was recorded live at the Fillmore East in New York, and nothing is more prevalent than the Chambers Brothers' mastery of the audience. The technique is simple: Play your guts out, bombard the audience, titillate them, but don't satisfy

them; if they show signs of boredom break off, change format, never relenting. Above all, everything is kept hyperactive, moving, rattling, banging, until the very last second; sort of a highly organized pandemonium.

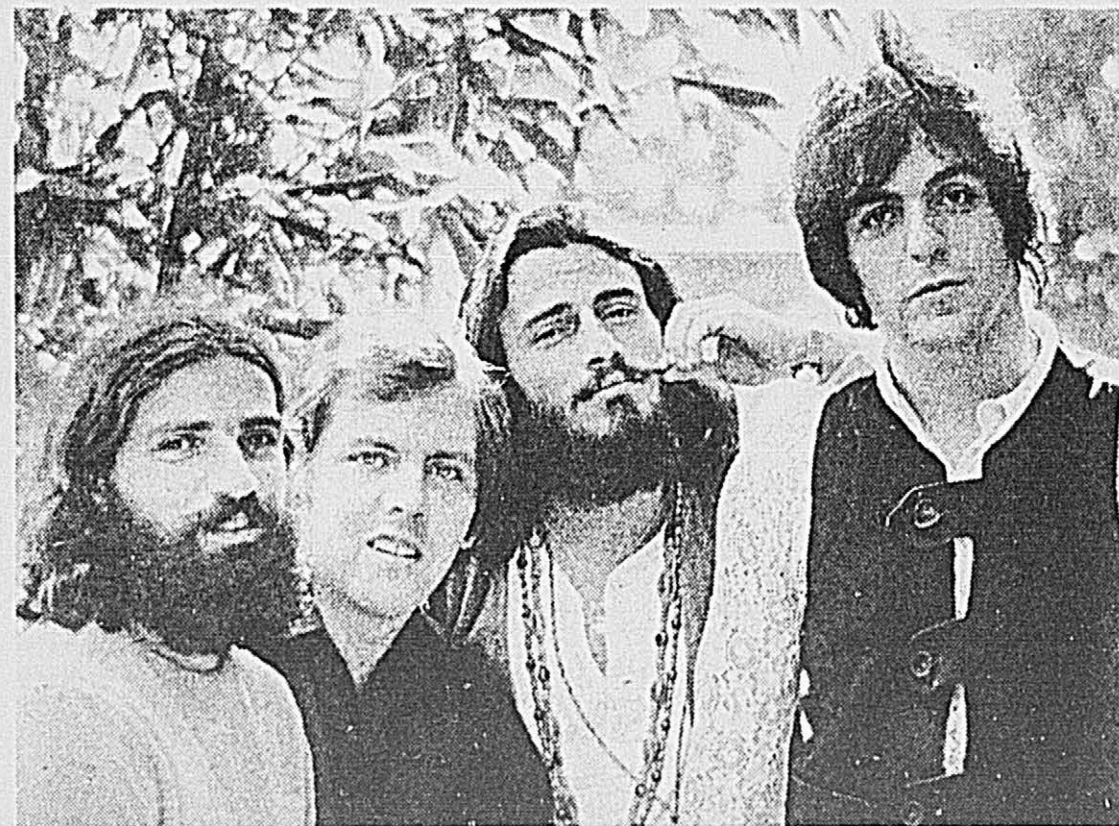
The Chambers Brothers: dynamic entertainers first, musicians second, but not far behind. Their greatest achievement - perfect harmony between audience and performer.

For those who haven't heard: The Chambers Brothers will be appearing at Place des Arts this Monday at 7 and 10, as part of the Sir George Williams University Winter Carnival. The odds are heavy towards a great show.



RICHELAVENS STONEHENGE
STORMY FOREST - SFS 6001

Back in 1965, I can remember listening to a young American folksinger with a soft lippy voice at the Blue Lantern, a now-defunct coffee house in which appeared some of the best folk artists of the middle sixties. Richie Havens was his name and, although his voice is a little fuller and heavier now and he has the backing of a band and a string section, his lisp still remains and his compositions are still the same-beautiful lyrical expressions of his state of mind. Listening to him do "Baby Blue" (Dylan) and "I started the Joke" (B.G.'s), you realize that Havens can take any song, give it his own vocal interpretation, and come up with a successful result, as he has done on previous albums with a few Beatle Numbers.



the Rascals

As the title of the album implies, many of the songs are rooted in religious acts and are characterized by his rough emotion-filled vocals. The only cut that does not make it is "Shouldn't All the World be Dancing", a monotonous instrumental with

a few voice tracks of people uttering profundities often drowned out by the music.

Stonehenge is another excellent album to Richie Havens' credit and I am looking forward to hearing him when he comes to Montreal in March.

ERIC ANDERSON & THE RASCALS

by richard may & frank zylberberg

The Rascals headlined Loyola's Carnival concert at Place des Arts Monday night, and one thing was evident: The Rascals aren't the Young Rascals of yesteryear. Nostalgia reigned supreme as they went through a chain of their hits, including Groovin', How Can I Be Sure, People Got to be Free and others. all advocates of the Rascals' genre of music, yet all emerged a far notch below the originals. Only on their first rhythm and blues numbers, did the Rascals shine - Mustang Sally, Good Lovin', especially a Mickey's Monkey Turn on Your Lovelight number.

Throughout their performance one thing remained evident: the Rascals' strength lies solely in the vocals of Eddie Brigati and Felix Cavaliere. Granted, Gene Cornish has some cool moves, humps and grinds, but the days are gone when a guitarist could get by with a minimum of originality and range, and just pluck and play monotonously away, the same chords over and over again. Eddie Brigati may have been percussionist with Joey Dee and the Starlites once, but it's his voice that contributes most to the Rascal's sound, an unrestrained voice with good range, used to its best advantage when teamed with that of Felix Cavaliere, whose voice has more depth and control.

Since these two write most of the Rascals songs, it is evident that the songs have been adapted to their voices and not vice versa. Cavaliere on organ and electric piano is the

only Rascals musician worth mentioning. In fact it's strange that he hasn't split from the Rascals, showing more talent than any of the other three. The Rascals, from 1965 up until a year and a half ago were an excellent group. New they're just clinging to the past. Unless they change, they're doomed to a slow death.

The most difficult task facing a folksinger giving a solo performance at Place des Arts is keeping the large audience together. Eric Anderson, one of the many young Americans to have sprung up in a wave of topical and protest folksingers in the post-Dylan folk revival, was able to do just that on Monday night with his warm personality and gentle, country folk music.

His songs ranged from tender love ballads, such as "Lie With Me" to the hand-clapping, foot-stomping country dittys like "It's the Same Old Country Moon", which he wrote in Nashville while the Americans were landing a man on the moon. Eric's soft, easygoing style of strumming, and his finger work on guitar were flawless, however it was disappointing that he didn't turn to his harp playing more often.

It was quite apparent that a large portion of the audience wasn't familiar with Eric Anderson; only a handful recognized "Thirsty Boots", one of Anderson's earliest and best-known compositions. This concert served as an adequate introduction.

television and

To a great extent, the consciousness of men under advanced industrial capitalism is formed (limited) by their relationship to the means of communication. The major means of communication are education and the mass media. The most powerful to the media is television.

Over 93% of American households. The automobile stands for personal mobility, the TV set for "personal" (impersonal) link-up with "What's happening."

TV's pervasiveness is characterized by its convenience: "entertainment," diversion is no farther away than the other side of the living room. Second, it is a show of immediacy, its technical capacity to summon the illusion of connection with faraway persons, places, things, all this makes it — and by extension its messages — far more compelling than the other easily accessible media, radio, newspapers, and mass magazines. The habitual watcher seems literally entranced, hypnotized, pacified, made passive.

"The industrial system is profoundly dependent on commercial television and could not exist in its present form without it." — John Kenneth Galbraith, "The New Industrial State."

Advanced capitalism cannot do without the mass media. The system of giant corporations must manage consumer demands and instigate needs gratified consumptive North Americans as variously and gaily packaged as the Standard Brands themselves. And the message to consume is built into both commercial and program in the form of well-furnished "middle-class" life-styles, just as physical products contain the sales effort in the form of design.

Fundamental is the market question. The commercial is the purpose, the essence; the program is the package. But as with physical commodities, more and more attention has to be paid to the package to maintain sales.

People must be rendered passive, be rendered "consumers"; television, in the language of ad-men, "penetrates" the household and pins down its watchers like so many butterflies on the collector's board. "The general effect of sales effort," writes Galbraith, "is to shift the locus of decision in the purchase of goods from the consumer where it is beyond control to the firm where it is subject to its control. 'Television is an attractive medium because it is a mass medium in quality and frequency . . . The medium is extremely well-suited to low-interest products because it is a fact of life with television . . . Television is the medium which depends least on consumer cooperation to develop a rich response to symbolic stimulation . . .'"

Having manufactured and pacified the mass consumer, television manufactures his taste for new technique, model changes, planned obsolescence — essential functions in advanced capitalism. "Television stimulates with its great selling force," the corporate salesman says; "it stimulates obsolescence, so we are in a product rat race because of television."

Whether deceptively labeled as "entertainment," "news," "culture," "education," or "public affairs," TV programs narrow and flatten consciousness — to tailor everyman's world view to the consumer mentality, to placate political discontent, to manage what cannot be placated, to render social pathologies personal, to level class-consciousness.

This is not the place for a complete catalogue of media methods, but certainly they include the following: they subliminate popular yearnings, unsatisfied in daily alienated life, into fantasy (fastmoving, devil-may-care heroes, images of beauty, upward mobility, etc.). They isolate dissent and its organization into compartments called "deviance" and make them the social problems to be solved. They make powerlessness easier to live with, helping individuals find solace in smugness ("I, at least — wink — see my puniness — and I can laugh at it"). They make social issues private, individual: conflicts are resolved as husband versus wife, parent versus child, cop versus robber. They fragment news and entertainment into easily visible and digestible "bits," assiduously avoiding integrated, socially comprehensible views of the world. They offer images of strong fathers (Lorne Greene in "Bonanza," the captain in "Star Trek," the paternal cop in "Mod Squad") to rectify youthful unrest. They conjure up myths of the inevitability of progress for minorities, smooth their rough edges, digest them into acceptable, or at least, comical roles; cultural attributes (Lincoln's natural hair in "Mod Squad") are OK outside their political context.

Overall, TV reduced potentially rebellious, un-integrated, authentic experience to predictable formulas, which by their pervasiveness and reliability foster the illusion there is nothing new under the sun; or, if there is, it is esoteric, an artful deviation from present norms, but by no means an alternative to "ways-of-doing things."

All these methods of flattening consciousness work day-to-day without the need for explicit censorship, though it remains as the method of last resort as in the case of the Smothers Brothers or "This Hour Has Seven Days." The span of permissible dissent, even while it lasts, is narrow indeed.

These flattening effects are not peculiar to the mass media. Viewed systematically, all production of consumer products in a post-scarcity capitalist economy is tailored, beyond the sale of any particular product, to the manufacture of insatiable consumer appetites — the manufacture of consumers themselves.

While it flattens consciousness, TV also has backfiring effects.

TV is a medium of reinforcement, simplification instantaneity, and symbol manipulation. But each of these processes heightens sensitivities which can work against TV's consumer-creating prime function.

Reinforcement: Television, in one of its faces, is a lens which heightens what it treats and diminishes what it ignores. What it writes, it writes large. Partly this is technically inherent: because the screen is small, there is no room for clutter, detail, refinement, ambiguity. Partly it is because of the way time is compartmentalized — time is money — there is no time for anything but the most implied complexity. To some extent it trains the viewer to exaggerate any existing trend which TV treats and to demand clear, simple images. In a time of social peace, like the '50's, TV reinforces peace. In a time of social dissidence, like the '60's, TV amplified dissidence.

Simplification: Commercials proclaim instant solutions for upset stomach, neuralgia, or bad breath and its news reporting sums up even complex events in half-hour programs with a neat wrap-up at the end. A result — there becomes an intense impatience over social reform.

Instantaneity: Students seize Columbia buildings; that night, millions watch; a new possibility, a new symbol enters the general consciousness. Time shrinks along with space. The event is more vivid than older media could make it; the illusion of being present at the event makes it more easily reproducible. One unhealthy result is the simple imitation of the media version of an event — a visible sequence ripped from its real circumstances. Events in one place have always modeled events in another (the Russian Revolution sparked others as soon as the word got out), but TV's speed-up of time enlivens the models.

All these effects, working under the surface of one-dimensionality, have helped push the first TV generations into radical politics. The effect continues.

Commercial TV splits the consciousness, of young people above all. Invading the family, it becomes a major school of socialization, though vastly different lessons are learned by young people who experience affluence and those who do not.

On the one hand, TV promises love, beauty, mobility, happiness through consumption and "manners." On the other hand, TV and the society fail to make up for the failure of commodity production to produce the advertised results.

For those who have the means to consume, consumption becomes a necessary but finally empty behaviour. The first TV generation, the generation that later made freedom rides, peace marches and the Mississippi summer, first experienced American hypocrisy in advertising. Disgust for advertising was central to the first post-McCarthy breakout: the beat consciousness.

But young manual workers grow up in a culture that deprecates or ignores manual work, only to face a work-reality that demands more and more industrial discipline. TV lies and the society cannot cover up the lie.

In the U.S., blacks have goods thrust in their faces, but not the money to buy; therefore ghetto revolts are, in one of their aspects, commodity riots, looting "getting what (TV says) is ours." When the post-scarcity economy defines leisure goods as one's birthright, people will act accordingly.

Whether the cool-acceptance of the cool-skepticism triumphs, whether skepticism turns to disgust or even directly to revolt, depends on an outside force, a movement to define an alternative. The revolutionary black movement and some hip communes come closest to embodying a totally opposed consciousness, transcending the commodity riot. Finally, only a totally opposed consciousness can counter the culture's total assault.

The ethic of "covering the action" is at odds with the media's interest in social stability. And TV coverage serves to polarize attitudes.

TV helped turn the population against the Vietnam war. Daily coverage, over a period of five years, with steadily climbing body-counts beamed the unmistakable message that the war was unwinnable. That the newsmen lacked enthusiasm — by comparison with coverage of World War II — was obvious. The population wearied of the war much faster than if there had been no TV coverage. But of course no one can comprehend the war through TV; and the awesome facts of bombing raids, the destruction of villages, refugee camps, and fragmented and denatured by their juxtaposition to Excedrin and lipstick commercials; the other side of the war-weariness is general stupefaction.

TV debases all experience. "This is the medium which in effect packages an experience and brings the consumer into it. Television provides him with a response which he would otherwise have to contribute in a major part out of himself."

Nothing is real unless it appears on TV. If an event is not "covered," or is patently distorted, participants in it feel a sense of diminishment. Demonstrators still surge to their separate homes from a campus uprising to catch the 6:00 News and assure themselves that something "really happened."

When experience becomes a commodity, the only remedy is to demolish the media and to create the movement as an alternative source of values, network of relations and standard for authenticity.

TV may be losing its grip. There are signs that children are not so relentlessly driven to the tube as they were ten or fifteen years ago. The TV becomes, after a while, another piece of furniture. For all the hoopla attending TV and its effects, still, possibly those effects were mitigated because of TV's novelty.

Of course the technology is capable of spinning off new inventions to secure the attention of later generations. Cassette TV (buy and plug in your own programs) will be to TV what the record player was to the nickelodeon. Might it be that once one or two generations have been socialized into consumerism, then strident commercialism will no longer be necessary to maintain the allegiance of future markets?

By TODD GITLIN

The preceding article is an edited version of notes written for the July/August issue of "Leviathan," an underground newspaper published out of San Francisco.

the market

Councillors...

(Continued from page 1)

Composition of the Committee was designated by the Board of Governors, which also reserves the right to make the final decision on the next Principal.

The Committee told the Executive that it has no power to change its own composition.

O'Connell sought to find a solution with his motion. Julius Grey, President of the Students' Society, described the motion as a good compromise that would "allow students to get what they wanted in the first place."

The same motion will be on the agenda at next week's Council meeting.

Reaction to the walkout varies. John Bandiera, Arts and Science representative, fears a return to the disorganization of last year's Council. "We cannot have people manipulate a quorum just to achieve their own ends," he charged.

There were no attempts at rapport, he continued, and Council is again splitting into factions instead of working together.

O'Connell and Martin Shapiro, External Vice-President of the Students' Society, accused the three quorum-breakers of cowardice. They agree that there should be an end to playing the numbers game, but believe that student representation on the Committee is useful.

In the meantime, the two initially chosen representatives, who are lecturers as well as students, continue to serve on the Committee, despite the withdrawal of Council endorsement. According to Mr. Schleifer, they will stay there for now because they believe they can fulfill a useful purpose.

The Board considers them as legitimate representatives, Mr. Schleifer said.

TRQ...

(Continued from page 3)

young Quebecoise girl, was "Je ne trouve pas ça drôle du tout."

She attacked the R & W as reflecting McGill, "le bastion de la culture anglo-saxonne qui fonctionne grâce à l'exploitation du peuple Québécois."

As a final note, one of the disrupters decried the fact that the Revue "cost McGill Students' Society \$10,000 while Valieres and Gagnon are kept in prison and need money desperately."

During the disruption, members of the audience cried out "on with the show" and "get off." However, members of the cast replied that the Theatre group should be allowed to have their say.

Arts and Science Dean E. J. Stansbury, when questioned following the disruption, said that Professor Nelson had "some very good points."

General reaction of the small opening night crowd, only some 50% of Moyse Hall seating capacity of 400, was the same basic lack of interest that they had devoted to the Revue itself.

One prominent member of the audience who did not return for the second-half and thus missed the disruption was McGill Principal H. Roche Robertson.

D.M.C.

Father searching...

(Continued from page 1)



MARC SOBEL
Missing

ing address behind.

"He covered all his tracks," says his father. "Even his friends don't know where he is. He seems to have dropped all his friends."

Marc was supposed to start college in September, 1968. He had chosen New York University. While his family was in London, England, where his father was on sabbatical leave in 1968, Marc stayed in New York City

and worked in a bank for the summer. That September he disappeared.

"He loved New York City, but he didn't like the fact that there were relatives there," said his father. "He avoided them like the plague."

"I've received very little co-operation from the police or the Missing Persons Bureau," he says. Police are busy looking for runaways who are juveniles (18 and under), and are not responsible for missing persons 19 and over.

If Marc is in Montreal, or no matter where he is, Professor Sobel would like him to call his parents.

"I'm not chasing him," said his father. "I'm not here to force him to go anywhere against his will."

"But I see no reason why he shouldn't make contact with his family."

Professor Sobel has two other children, a daughter 17, and another son 10.

Professor Sobel requests that anyone knowing anything of the whereabouts of his son call 321-8496 or 321-2300, Ext. 3615, in Palo Alto, Calif., or write 425 Grant Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

McGILL WINTER FESTIVAL 1970

Wednesday, Feb. 18
BIRKS TROPHY HOCKEY GAME
McGill vs. U. de Montreal
Winter Stadium - 8 P.M. - \$1.00

Thursday, Feb. 19
MOVIE - MONTERREY POP

Friday, Feb. 20
LAURENTIAN DAY
SKI - TOBOGGAN - SKIDOO -
SKATE - BROOMBALL Tow \$1.75
plus entertainment all day, Torchlight Parade
Dance until 11 P.M.

Busses to Belle Neige 8-9 A.M., 4 P.M.
return 6, 10-11 P.M. \$2.00

Saturday, Feb. 21
BLANKET CONCERT

Tom Paxton, Jesse Winchester,
Penny Lang, Burt Mason, Bruce
Murdoch, Judy Henderson, Tex Konig
Sir Arthur Currie Gym. 7:30 P.M.
\$2.50 - Bring a Blanket

Monday, Feb. 23
SLY and the FAMILY STONE
also
THE FIFTH AVE. BAND AND
THE JAM FACTORY
Montreal Forum 8:30 P.M.
\$5.50 - \$4.50 - \$3.50 - \$2.50

Mini-Market

FOR SALE

WEIGHTS - blue, plasticized, Weider, virtually unused. 30% down at \$35 or best offer. Call Mike 487-3247.

TRIUMPH GT6 1968, 29,000 miles, radio, all equipped, good condition. \$1,800. Call Michel at 738-6251, between 6 & 8 pm.

KODAK-RETINA CAMERA for sale, 2.0/50 mm lens, made in Germany, reasonable, call 842-5341 after 6:00 pm.

SKI-BOOTS - 3-lace, sturdy, inner boot, size 8 1/2. \$15 or best offer. Call 272-7829.

MEN'S SUEDE SHEEPSKIN COAT. Save \$100. Size 40, large at hips, tan. Worn one month. Price \$115. Dr. A. Bregman 392-4696, 288-4589. (keep trying).

ECHO CHAMBER - Stereo Output. Multi-effects. Increases power of amplifier over 20%. Sale price - \$208. Bring advertisement. Quartier Musicale 1342 St. Catherine E.

SKI BOOTS: 1 laced, 1 with clips. Low price, very good condition. Size 8. Call 766-9848 after 5.

COLOR FILMS FOR SALE Kodachrome II, X and movie films. Friday 1-2 pm at Union Room 1310. DISCOUNT PRICE.

FOR SALE: Ladies judo suit, nearly new. Phone 844 6096

HOUSING

CHEAPER RATES: \$45 & \$55 monthly at 3637 University. Kitchen available, friendly atmosphere. Drop by or call 843-3271 anytime.

MODERN 2 1/2 APT. to sublet at REDUCED RENT until end of August. 3 min. from campus. Contact 842-4338 after 5 p.m.

FOR BACHELOR APARTMENTS renting at dormitory prices, drop by to see us at 105 Milton Street West

PRINCE ARTHUR near Lorne. Sublet 1 1/2 now to Aug. 31. Clean, fireplace, \$70. monthly Call Sarah, 842-7062.

LOST

LOST: In library, a pair of black-rimmed reading glasses. If found contact John 288-0014.

AT TEP - THE UN-FRAT: 39 hymens, 1 large black furry pussy and an overcoat at the P.O.T.'s thing. The reward for each one returned? - one X-L dildo.

FOUND A SET OF KEYS with initials H W S in front of Arts Bldg. Tel. 842-7094

MISCELLANEOUS

TYPEWRITERS - From \$25. Sales - Rentals - Services of new and used office machines and furniture. Thursday to Friday till 9 pm. Mr. Typewriter - 4910 Sherbrooke W. 487-5551.

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TUTORS: Meeting with CLD staff of persons currently tutoring in McGill departmental and A.S.U.S. tutorials programs. Friday 6 Feb., 4 pm, 109 Leacock.

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KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER - both Fess Parker-as-Davey Crockett films. this "Sunday at Gardner Hall, 3925 University St. "King of the Wild Frontier" (the Alamo, etc.) at 7:30 p.m. & "Davey Crockett and the River Pirates" at 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 for both; 75 cents for UNL.

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Clobber Loyola 64-59**JV's put it all together - yeah!**

by ROGER NORTH

Eureka! Indian basketball looks like it's come of age (as of Tuesday evening). Putting it all together for probably the first time this year the J. V. squad muscled its way to a 64-59 win over Loyola.

Empowered by an all-out team effort, McGill jumped into the fray and never looked back. Depositing the initial couple of baskets of the contest, the Red and White Revue said "No" to its opponent's frustrated attempts to gain the lead thereafter.

The Little Brothers quickly fell into the driver's seat when the scoreboard read 17-8 and for most of the remaining time they led by a margin of about 10 points.

First-half play found the Pine Avenue machine too tough a nut to crack anywhere. Kit Kennard leaped tall buildings with a single bound, bent steel bars with his teeth, and consistently out-manuevered and out-rebounded Jim McCarthy, Loyola's star center.

Weaselly Bob Sylie slithered at will through the junior Warrior's early, medium, and late warning

systems to pot several of his patented lay-ups. Kevin Walsh left a bit to be desired with his shooting, but his determination on defence and rebounding more than adequately offset his mis-spent shooting energy.

The only flaw was Doug McCall's inadvertent give-away of sample basketballs.

Loyola is the same tribe that scalped the Indians back in December to the tune 76-67, however they were clearly the second best team in this encounter. A main reason for this being that their former gunner Bill Smith has departed the scene.

Nevertheless Jim McCarthy, Dave Osborne, and Frank O'Brien pose a formidable challenge. All the same McGill was not to be denied in this rematch.

Breezing along, imbued with full confidence in their manifest destiny, the J.V. hoopsters drop-

ped anchor at half-time in front 31-22. The final result was so assured by then that with renewal of action most of the bench had to battle sighs of sleepiness as they watched the clock's count-down.

Although they maintained the point spread, the Indians were less masterful in the second half. Loyola got the edge on rebounding and managed to slow the warm of red and white uniforms under the nets.

Hot-fingered Joe Dylewski kept the Sherbrooke-west crew from closing any ground by swishing three field goals at the beginning of the terminal frame (hot from the floor, Joe proved frigid from the line as he went 0 for 7). Mick Mayr and Peter Landovskis also pitched-in and sank a couple of buckets each to keep the ball rolling, so to speak.

Bored by such a somnambulant game, the little Warriors decided to inject some zest into the action by narrowing the score. Surging behind McCarthy, Osborne, and Henderson they pulled in 6 (46-40 and then 48-42).

Annoyed by this impudent show an unflustered Indian fivesome retaliated to hold their antagonists at arm's length. Even when Kit Kennard fouled-out in the dying minutes there was little to fear, especially since Bob Wylie had flipped the on-switch to his outside shot.

Sports Counter-comment

Sir,

In regard to Mr. Terkeltaub's "Sports Comment" column of Feb. 4 in which he discusses black athletes, I would first suggest that Mr. Terkeltaub is completely ignorant of the proposed boycott by Harry Edwards. Secondly, he should try to catch a glimpse of the picture included in his article from another angle. It might change his two-dimensional view of the black athlete.

After a six paragraph preamble attempting to persuade his readers (but mostly himself) that he is not prejudiced he then destroys this rhetorical facade by stating that George Foreman, by waving his American flag, did more to help the black athlete than the Black Power salute given by John Carlos and Tommie Smith.

First, George Foreman did not wave the flag, Robert "Pappy" Gault, 47 year old coach of the American Boxing team who was standing directly behind Foreman, waved the flag. His hand may be seen in your picture. Gault has since been rewarded for his patriotic actions by being appointed director of physical education for a resort camp sponsored by the Seafarers' International Union. The Union's two strong points in the U.S. are its virulent anti-Communist policy and its Democratic party support. Witness Dean Rush's unprecedented rescinding of Hal Banks' (an SIU member) extradition to Canada in exchange for which cheques totalling 100,000 were received two days later for Humphrey's campaign from the union.

The SIU gave Gault a \$20,000 a year job, a cadillac and a free hand in amateur athletics. Ostensibly this is to bribe militant athletes to allow Gault to become their spokesman.

The amateur athletic association is still thriving due to the chaos of the sport and the vulnerability of the black athlete. An omen of repression can be seen here not by the fact that a black capitalist should appear, but rather because of his insistent attempts to buy off militant athletes and his superior's arrogant hope to return to the status quo. Tommie Smith is an alien in a corrupt society.

Compound the above with misinformed, frightened liberals (are you included?) who are attempting to legitimize the suppression of blacks and the boycotts, walkouts and Black Power salutes are more than understandable; they ARE justified.

J. Brophy

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Loyola outrebounds McGill 127-11**Redmen hoopsters exposed as CIA agents**

by JOSH FREED

Late last night, an informer stumble^d into the Daily office mumbling a strange tale. Soon after, three thugs draped in American flags burst into the Daily office, machine-gunned him to death and escaped into the night. But not before he had spilled the beans on one of the most amazing hoaxes ever perpetrated on this campus.

The team (?) which has represented this school's basketball interests in inter-collegiate play for the last two weeks is not the McGill Redmen. It is a cleverly disguised group of infiltrators who, sponsored by Tom Mooney and the CIA, has been masquerading in the hoopsters' place.

The real team has, since their sensational victory over Queen's, been imprisoned in the secret dungeon beneath the Currie gym, where Mooney and company has been whipping them into shape for their big season-closing game against Carleton.

The score at the three minute mark was McGill 5; Loyola 4 but then Loyola walked onto the court. Shooting well and burying McGill under the boards, they opened up a 28-12 lead at the quarter, without yet using their fine 6'5 centre John McCauliffe. His entry snuffed out any McGill hopes, as they poured in 20 consecutive points while holding McGill scoreless for eight minutes. Score at the half 53-28 guess who.

High scorer for McGill that half was Julius Grey who, doing a masterful performance as Brodeur, salvaged 7 big ones. Replacing Roseman at centre it was later revealed was Marcus Kunian BA1, who in a gallant comeback bid picked up two points, one rebound.

Onto the second half.

High scorer for the night was Grey followed by one Boris Von Gutwillig who in keeping with his role as Mike Reid, netted 13 on a masterful 4-20 from the floor. Heinz Mayer's grandmother, filling in for Heinz creaked her way to 12 points, while Eric Hoffman subbed for Oddjob Trager.

Bill Holt, taped up like a war veteran, tried to play for a while, but limped to the sidelines soon after. Nonetheless, his stoic effort was far and away the best Redmen effort of the night.

Jeff Biteen was the only other official squad member to play in person, for as the coach later said "I think Jeff is ready to play his role on the team, whatever that role may be."

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

Rebounds: Loyola-127, McGill 11.

Play of the night: Heinz Mayer was so psyched about by Lewis's shot blocking that he took 4 seconds and 5 fakes before putting up an under-the-basket lay-up. It didn't matter because Lewis rammed it down his throat anyway. It's what they call "a Wilson Sandwich". (Okay, Mike?)

Incidentally, if you thought this article was a drag you should have seen the game.



REDMAN BASKETBALL COACH Tom Mooney's novel idea to improve his team's performance can be seen here backfiring. The resourceful coach has experimented with several methods to keep his players from being faked out of their pants by the opposition. Here you see a demonstration of the let's-improve-our-traction-by-putting-glue-on-our-feet trick. As you can see, the attempt was less than successful, as a Redman forward goes up for a rebound with two floorboards still stuck to his feet. Back to the drawing boards Tom.

Pucksters skate east in search of playoff berth

by MIKE KAZAKOFF

As the Redmen head into the final stages of the season the caliber of hockey gets better and better but the chances of making the play-offs are rather slim.



Veteran Kerner and Rookie Roxborough
two thirds of no. 1 line

As the league standings show, the Redmen are four points away from a post-season berth with only three regular OQAA games left to play. Anything could happen but don't hold your breath or buy your play-off tickets yet.

This week-end features a trip to the Eastern Townships to play the Vert-et-Or from Sherbrooke.

As well, last night the spotlight was focussed on Bishop's University where the Redmen played before the Lennoxville carnival crowd (sorry, couldn't make the deadline with the story).

As of late the pucksters have been playing hockey but not winning their share of games. The three ties in games that could have been won have hurt their record. Nonetheless it's nice to watch hockey at the Winter Stadium again.

League Standings

Team	G	W	L	T	F	A	Pts.
Carleton	11	6	3	2	64	33	14
Montreal	10	6	3	1	48	39	13
Ottawa	9	6	2	1	41	33	13
Laval	11	6	5	0	41	36	12
McGill	12	3	6	3	41	49	9
Queen's	11	1	9	1	24	62	3

Ice JVs melt

by ROB DOYLE

Coach Steve Doty seemed to think that his Junior Varsity hockey squad was going to be up for their game last night when I talked to him before the contest. The game was an important one for the Indians as they were playing the Little Warriors from Loyola, the second place team in the league. Unfortunately, Coach Doty was wrong and our boys blew it to the tune of 6-3.

Granted, they did better than the 15-2 drubbing they received earlier in the season but overall their play was far from what they are capable of. Somewhere on the way to the game the Jay-Vees forgot all checking and throughout the game, they let the home team take the play to them.

Loyola opened the scoring on a power-play goal as goalie Louis Marinoff was left unprotected and watched sadly as an opposing forward slid a rebound into the open side of the net.

A picture-play goal for McGill tied the score at the mid-way point of the period and that I'm afraid was the last exciting moment in the game. Auders swept around the net holding off several Loyola defenders and laid a beautiful pass onto Colin Kreuger's stick. He made no mistake.

Although McGill trailed by only a 2-1 margin after the first period, they couldn't get untracked during the second frame to tie the score. As a matter of fact, they hardly got their hands on the puck for the first ten minutes or so.

It should be mentioned that Loyola wasn't really that good; McGill was just that bad. The team had its moments but it was murder sitting around waiting for them.

Doty tried everything in hopes of jolting them out of their lethargy and finally, after Loyola scored its fourth goal while a man shorthanded, he yanked Marinoff in favour of Bob Laurier.

The Indians came to life momentarily but they still couldn't buy a goal until Auders tipped one in to narrow the gap to 5-2.

Refereeing took a new turn as the "striped idiot" called everything except the legitimate penalties. John Ono got the winner by receiving a ten minute penalty for crossing blue lines to incite a riot.

The team plays again tonight against the U. de Q. in the Winter Stadium. Coach Doty was disappointed in his team last night but still remained hopeful. "We couldn't have played a worse game but the score was only 6-3."